

WAR & CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
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A FIRE-PROOF FAITH.

(See article on page 4)

Improvvised Proverbs.

By OURS.

He who cannot obey is unfit to command.

—X—

A fool's mind is like a sieve; it retains nothing.

—X—

Light and Truth always travel in straight paths.

—X—

The man with a smart tongue will often smart for it.

—X—

An empty mind and a rattling tongue are close companions.

—X—

Shun the man who always praises you; he is your enemy.

—X—

Passions, like fires, are excellent servants, but terrible masters.

—X—

Praise and flattery are no relations, nor does reproach and backbiting travel together.

—X—

A sharp word, like a match, will explode a powder magazine as easily as a fire-cracker.

—X—

People delight in belittling those virtues in others to which they themselves cannot attain.

—X—

Eloquence without goodness of heart is like a sledge tree; it refreshes, but it does not yield fruit.

—X—

Only the man who has forgotten how to laugh, and beware of the man who does not know how to weep.

—X—

Good habits, like wheat, must be cultivated; evil habits, like weeds, quickly find congenial ground.

—X—

He is a wise man who has found out that he is subject to the same faults that he most despises in others.

—X—

Follow Truth, and Truth will lead you into freedom; follow Falshood, and Falshood will lead you into a snare.

—X—

Hate and love will expand everything that is subject to their influence; just so, cold and selfishness will contract and congeal it.

—X—

He who knows not that he is ignorant is a fool; he who knows that he knows little is learning; he who knows that he knows nothing is wise.

MANILA MEMOS.

A Letter from Our Philippine Correspondent.

We are not strangers, for I am glad to say I am fighting under two flags—the flag of my country, and the flag of the great S. A. My object in writing you is to give the readers of the War Cry a sketch of Manila and its people.

Manila is a very old-fashioned city. There are buildings still standing that were built two hundred years ago. The greater part of them are made from a kind of cement stone, which is manufactured here. Not very many are built over two storeys high. I was told this was because of earthquakes. The roofs are covered with tiles or galvanized iron. As a general rule they do not use glass for their windows. They have a shell, called the *cahu shell*, which is used instead. This shell is cut into little squares of about three inches wide and placed into a frame, which is made to slide back. Sometimes you see the four sides of a house fixed this way. Then over the windows (especially those nearest the ground) are placed iron bars, making them look like jails. Whatever lumber is used in these buildings is of the best quality, and is generally hardwood. They have excellent timber here, such as ebony, mahogany, cocanaut and other valuable wood.

A Street Car.

Manila is built on very low land and is surrounded by marshes. The streets

are very narrow and crooked, and the sidewalks in a great many places are not more than two feet wide. Manila has a water works and electric light plant, and a horse-car line, the latter being little better than none. The cars are drawn by little ponies weighing from five to six hundred pounds. It is no uncommon thing for the passengers to have to get off and help push the car up hill, round a curve, or put the car on the track when it happens to jump off.

The population of Manila is about three hundred thousand inhabitants, and is made up of all nationalities, but chiefly Spanish, Chinese and the natives of the island. Labor is very cheap and is done mostly by natives and Chinese. Our Government has a number employed and the contractors pay them about six a day in States money. A Chinese carpenter works for the small wages of about 53c. American money; harnessmaker for 55c.

Products.

The chief produce of the island is hemp sugar, tobacco and rice. Manila has not a very good school system. The schools are run more on the private than public system. A school teacher gets about fifteen dollars a month for her services, a professor about thirty.

The people have some queer customs, especially the natives. They live chiefly in little shacks made of bamboo and covered with palm leaves. Their food consists chiefly of rice, fish and

person goes to worship he gets a candle, which he can purchase just outside the church, walks in, spreads out his handkerchief, lights the candle and kneels to worship.

There is a great work to be done here for God. What this people want is the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached to them by good, devout men. They are quite easy to teach, especially the young people, and in my estimation, a good, devout child of God, who understands them and their language, can do a grand work among them in the Master.

I have been here since the 31st of last July. I enlisted in Company D, 1st North Dakota Volunteers a year ago the 2nd of next month, at Devil's Lake, North Dakota. I have had many queer and trying experiences since I left my home, but am glad to say through it all, God has been very good to me, and to-night I can enjoy a free and full salvation. I have one desire in life—to love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself, and strive to lend others to the Master.

The War.

The trouble with the insurgents still continues, and to-day our army and theirs have been at battle, resulting in a number killed and wounded on both sides. I have not taken part in any battles as yet, and do not wish to, as I have no desire to kill. I am on detached service in the quartermaster's department, and my work keeps me in the city most of the time, so I am



FOR WHICH WORLD?

"My days are swift as a weaver's shuttle."—Job vii. 6.

'Tis only an hour out of a day,
And softly and quickly it glides away
Unnoticed, because it seems so small;
But gone forever beyond recall!

Only a day among many more,
Thoughtlessly, aimlessly passed be-
fore,
In seeking to know the "latest news,"
Or "killing the time" you ought to use!

Only a year or so, spent for self—
Scheming and toiling to gather wealth;
Forging the links in a chain of gold,
That tightly your heart to earth will hold.

Only a lifetime; soon 'twill be spent!
Those opportunities to you lent,
Must each be accounted for, some day;
If they are wasted, what will you say?

When life is ended—terrible thought—
To know that your strength has been
spent for naught!
Gleaming stars' glitter in the sun,
While life eternal might have been won!



fruit. They have that old-fashioned way of carrying things on their hands, or on sticks across their shoulders. They have queer ways of washing clothes, instead of rubbing them on a washboard they lay them on a rock and pound them with their hands or a club. One would think to see them do it that there would not be many buttons left when they got through; yet this is the way most of the washing is done here in Manila.

Another strange thing is most every one smokes, from the little child of six to the old man of sixty—this includes both sexes. Instead of chewing tobacco as the American, they have what they call the betel nut and bogo leaf, which they cover over with a little stick that is called a *bulut*. In no other situation it is as filthy a habit as using tobacco.

Religion.

The natives are mostly Catholics and very religious as far as going to church is concerned. About half the days of the year are holidays, and most of them are observed. Manila has quite a number of large churches. They are not fixed as ours are. The seats are few in number and are placed along the sides, lengthways. When a

only a gentle word here and there,
Or a smile to lighten some one's care;
A faithful effort, in Jesus' Name,
To rescue the lost from sin and shame.

A heart set free from anger and pride,
That daily in Jesus doth abide;
A lovely life that's gladly given
To guide the erring home to Heaven.

The fellowship of the Great and Good,
Who in dark ages have bravely stood,
Like Elijah on Mount Carmel's height,
And led men upward to do the right.

A lovely record of hearts made glad,
That once were weary, and dark, and sad;
The joy of knowing and being known
By those who have loved the Spurious One.

O blessed reward! In the early dawn
On the wings of the Morning swiftly borne,
To be with Jesus in realms of light;
Forgetting all of the previous night!

Lariat Singh, India.

In no immediate danger. I did not enlist merely to fight the enemy, but because I thought it a grand opportunity to work for the Master, and, let me say, it has been. I would not take a great deal for the experience I have obtained since coming into the army. There are a number of Salvationists in the different regiments, and our leader is Major John Millsaps, of San Francisco. We have had no meetings to speak of since the trouble began with the insurgents. Before that we held meetings on the battlements and in different regiments whenever there was a chance. At present Major goes out to the front to visit the boys on the firing line, and also has a meeting in the prison in Manila, as there are about 100 American prisoners there. One man professed conversion there a few Sundays ago.

Yours in the great S. A.,

Clayton J. Scott,
Company D, 1st North Dakota Vol-
unteer Infantry, Manila, P. I.

Like draws light. Let me know your friends, and I will let you have your character.

Truths Well Clothed.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed
or late,
When at the eternal gate,
We leave the words and works we call
our own,
And lift our hands alone,
For love to fill. Our nakedness of
soul,
Brings to that gate no toll:
Giftless we come to Him, Who all
things gives,
And live, because He lives.
—Whittier.

XXXXX

To-day, unsullied comes to thee, now
born
To-morrow is not thine,
The sun may cease to shine.
For thee, ere earth shall meet its doom,
—Lusk.

XXXXX

Life is before you! from its faded road
You cannot turn; they take ye up the
loam;
Not yours to tread or leave the un-
known way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye
may.
Gird up your souls within you to the
deed;
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you
speed!
—Butler.

XXXXX

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downward
eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path of higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain.
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.
—Longfellow.

XXXXX

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.
—Milton.

XXXXX

Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will
plead,
Times on, till wisdom is pushed out of
life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are
dead,
And to the mercuries of a moment
Leaves the vast concerns of an eternal scene.
—Young.

XXXXX

Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or death, which, seeming darkness, is
no less
The self-same light, although averred
hence.
—Longfellow.

XXXXX

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can
teach.
—A. Proctor.

Unseen, but Necessary.

Laying the foundations is usually the costliest and most important work in the building of any structure. This work is commonly below the surface, and out of sight. It attracts comparatively little attention, and it makes small show in proportion to the finished superstructure, yet it is worth relatively more than all the remainder. Without the expensive and tedious work of foundation-laying underground, the superstructure of the loftiest spire, or tower, or pier, or station, or warehouse, or mansion, in man's sight, has no sure stability for its permanent use. Foundation-laying often costs more and takes longer than all the rest of the showiest building; yet this time and expense are well laid out. As it is with other structures, so it is with man's physical, intellectual, and moral structure; its permanent value depends upon its foundations. Any man who has taught to sew worth praisings, has surely been at work on it below the surface and out of sight, as a basis of the best that is now apparent. Here is encouragement for those who toil below the surface on what the world can never see—or do without.

THE S. A. WAR IN JAMAICA.

By ADJUT. BAX, C. S. Jamaica.

IT is pleasant, whether one is in the Mother Country, or in a foreign land, or any of our colonies, to feel that wherever the Flag flies, it is OUR work. At any rate, it is the writer's feelings, and it is a source of encouragement as I scan with interest the dear Canadian Cry on its arrival at our headquarters, and in reading of the victories achieved in that large Dominion, that we are fellow-comrades in the pushing of the Salvation war, and no matter whether in Canada or Jamaica, that bond of love binds us together.

There are also several officers in your land whom the writer had the privilege of fighting with as Cadets and soldiers in the Old Country.

How goes the war in Jamaica? Brigadier Rolfe, the leader of our work in Jamaica, has just celebrated his 5th anniversary on Jamaican soil, and if figures are anything to go by (and I

emument has recently appointed Brigadier Rolfe to be a Marriage Officer, which act has met with universal satisfaction. The city council of Kingston has also granted us an acre of land for a Burial Ground at the May Pen Cemetery, in connection with the Kingston parish.

We are experiencing some very blessed times at many of the corps. At Port Antonio our Citadel for over two years has been the open-air, but we have recently secured the old Town Hall, at a rental of \$10 per week, which seats some five hundred people, the Wesleyan Methodists loaning us seats, and the rent being paid by two of the leading gentlemen of the place. Already there are signs of a blessed awakening at this corps.

At St. Ann's Bay, also, a very blessed work, under the leadership of Ensign Mary Jane Smith (our only native Staff Officer) is being accomplished. Ensign Mary Jane is sound to the principles of the S. A., and is at home in leading her meetings as well as in the training of officers for the Field, besides having charge of St. Ann's Bay section, comprising nine corps. In 1894 Ensign Mary Jane (then Captain) was one of a representative party that went to the Crystal Palace and toured through England, where she won the hearts of the English people. She is a real Blood-and-Fire woman and is deeply in earnest for the salvation of the people.

Jamaica is, without doubt, one of the prettiest places on the universe; for scenery it is grand, its mountains and valleys are ever green with the thousands of trees and plants that grow, for in Jamaica we have one perpetual summer, and one has to use the old lines:

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

for the island would truly be a paradise below, but for the sin that mars it.

Prospects.

The prospects for our work are brighter to-day than ever. Our officers are pulling into line splendidly, and are catching the living, booming spirit that permeates the Salvationists everywhere. Our luck is in suitable buildings for barracks. The majority of our barracks are made of cocoanut boughs, which are very nice and cool for the warm weather, but when the rain comes they are not water-tight. We, however, hope to secure better places as we advance, and at some of our corps officers are building barracks, for they are not behind in planning out and erecting a building, which can be put up for about \$30 or \$40 in all, seeing they got a good deal of free labor.

We are expecting Commissioner Hallion with us in a few weeks' time, who will be staying two or three months, to thoroughly inspect the work. On his visit we are all arranging to have "special go's" in the chief places. At the same time the Com-



ENSIGN MARY JANE SMITH,
Our First Native Staff Officer of Jamaica.



ADJUTANT BAX,
Chief Secretary, Jamaica.

missioner has expressed his desire to visit the corps separately and to see their working order, and therefore the Brigadier is arranging for some tours which will cover nearly all the island. We are truly expecting a Pentecostal time. We earnestly ask the prayers of comrades on the Canadian Field. God bless you all!

Ten Years in Marathasthan.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HINDOO WORK.

BY BRIGADIER YUDHIA RAI.

UPON the occasion of my farewell from the Marathi Country, I feel that I should like to raise a little note of praise for all the blessings, and joy, and victories that God has showered upon me during the past ten and a half years of happy connection with the Marathi work; certainly they have been the happiest ten years of my life. It is about eleven years ago now since I first heard anything about the Marathi Country. Our beloved T. H. Mother, the Consul, while speaking to me about coming out to India, said, "I want you for the Marathi work; it has been opened once and closed; now

I Want You to Stick

at it till it is a success." I made up my mind that I would do so, little thinking how the work would take hold of my heart, so that in facing the thought of leaving it, it has seemed more like leaving my own home and my own kith and kin.

I think that very few officers in India have been favored as I have been, and permitted to remain long enough in one part of the country to see converts growing into Cadets, and Cadets gradually rising to be Staff Officers. When I look around now at the District and Staff Officers equally filling their different positions of responsibility, the words of Zechariah instinctively rise to my mind. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" and my memory goes back to several occasions during

The First Four Years

of our work in Bombay, when my few converts were being trained as Cadets, and some comrades made the remark to me, "What is the use of your wasting your life over a handful of young Hindoo lads?" (For these first converts were Hindoos). Out of that handful of young Hindoos, one is now the Commissioner of the Marathi Province, another is a Divisional Officer in charge of seventeen corps, and a third and fourth are District Officers, while others are working faithfully in corps, etc.

Previous parts of the Marathi Province had been pioneered successfully by Capt. Satyanand (now in Glory), Major Ultra Singh, Adj. Burditt (Ismael) and Adj. Manohar, with parties of native Cadets. It was decid-

to have a Boom March in the Poona District, which was accordingly started in January, 1893. Major Sukh Singh, Major Abdul Aziz and Major Nudat Gopal were among the leaders of that march. The march was throughout about the

Darkest Part of the Marathi Country,

and was not very promising. Afterwards some of the people who had appeared to join us in the budding confidence to us the fact, that they thought we were a party of travelling performers, and therefore they had sung and chatted with us, but had no idea that we were a religious body! However, we did not know this at the time, and consequently we were not discouraged! The march served to open up the country, hard though it was, and looking back at that time, and comparing it with the present condition of the work, there is indeed ample ground for shouting, "Hallelujah!" In the places where, at first, our officers could get no entrance into the houses, where

The Women and Children Fled

at the sight of us, where we could get no hired houses at any rent, it seemed impossible to join us in the budding confidence to us the fact, that they thought we were a party of travelling performers, and therefore they had sung and chatted with us, but had no idea that we were a religious body! However, we did not know this at the time, and consequently we were not discouraged! The march served to open up the country, hard though it was, and looking back at that time, and comparing it with the present condition of the work, there is indeed ample ground for shouting, "Hallelujah!" In the places where, at first, our officers could get no entrance into the houses, where

Since then work has been opened up in the villages round Satara and Ahmednagar, where, spiritually, the ground is much softer, and consequently richer in soldier-making; but in no part is the change, which has come over the people since the advent of the S. A., more striking than in the first hard and rocky District opened up a little over six years ago.

I feel now, at the end of those ten and a half years in India, that

I Have Just Learnt Enough

to understand how little I know of this country, and of the right way of working in order to gain success. Yet what I have learnt is, I feel, valuable experience, which I trust to have further opportunities of acting on.

I cannot say that prejudices have been removed, for I don't think I ever had any—as from the first I had up my mind to reach the hearts of India, but to take the people as I found them, and learn what I could about them from themselves.

The result of this resolve, carried out, is the end of these years. I feel in my whole heart part and parcel of India itself, the people are

Like My Own People;

and separation from them for a short time seems to my mind like a banishment to a foreign land. England is the accidental land of my birth—but India is the land of my deliberate choice.

WHICH?

There are two ways of beginning the day—with prayer and without it. You begin the day with one of these two ways. Which?

There are two ways of spending the Sabbath—holy and devotionally. You spend the Sabbath in one of these two ways. Which?

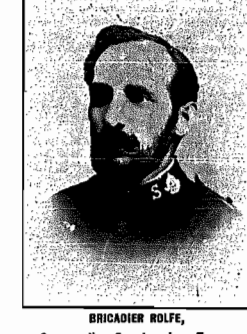
There are two classes of people in the world—the righteous and the wicked. You belong to one of these two classes. Which?

There are two rulers in the universe—God and Satan. You are serving under one of these two great rulers. Which?

There are two roads which lead through time to eternity—the broad and the narrow. You are walking in one of these two roads. Which?

There are two deaths which people die—some "die in the Lord," others "die in their sin." You will die one of these two deaths. Which?

There are two places to which people go—heaven and hell. You will go to one of these two places. Which?



BRIGADIER ROLFE,
Commanding Our Jamaican Troops.

think they are), things are truly bright. The officers have gone up from 25 to 110, an increase of 85, while the soldiery has increased from 250 to about 1,000, and besides these there are over 300 recruits.

There is, however, no getting away from the fact that the fighting is hard, and that there are many things that one has to make up his or her mind to face, if they mean to have success. But a Salvation Soldier is prepared for hardships, and they expect them.

The work of the Salvation Army in Jamaica is practically a rescue work, for it is said to say that the morals of Jamaica are in a very low ebb. The Salvation Army, through the grace of God, is not only reaching these dear people, but putting new desires into them, and hundreds who were slaves to immoral practices are living lives of purity and happiness. Seeing that the country is held by such a race, readers of the Cry will readily understand the need of patience here, for we are fully determined to win at all costs.

Enthusiasm.

There is no lack of this. Jamaicans must have life; being naturally an enthusiastic people, the S. A. suits them, and when we visit a small hamlet with only a dozen or so houses and a few, we hear our drums and sound the cornet, and a good crowd soon gathers. The people of Jamaica are passionately fond of music and are very quick to learn; having a very good ear, they can soon pick up our tunes.

Self-Denial.

The Self-Denial has just recently closed, and although we cannot boast of a large amount raised, you must consider that in many parts of the island the wages are but 50c to 75c per week, and 25c, to them is like \$5 to many, and even more. In 1898 we raised but \$145, this year we are glad to say we reached \$255, and we trust that when the next S.-D. week comes round we shall go far ahead of the last achievement.

Recognition.

It is not only pleasing to us who are on the spot, but especially helpful to the Army's prestige, to have recognized by those in authority. The Gov-

Fire-Proof Faith.

(To our frontispiece.)

By THE EDITOR.

THE His Thin Red Line," is the name of a well-known picture which represents a detachment of British soldiers in action, drawn out to a single firing line, their scarlet coats standing out from the smoky background like a thin thread of red. Looking recently at that picture, I was forcibly reminded that there runs right through the world's history a thin red line of God's heroes, standing between a fallen race and its eternal destruction, fearlessly opposing the aggression of the enemy of mankind.

God has never been lacking a prophet; His witnesses shine out from the dark background of the world's history—which is the record of the world's sins and sorrow-like beacon lights that mark the way to heaven for the storm-tossed vessels on life's ocean, and preserve hope to humanity, which had drifted from its celestial mooring. We see the names of those champions of God's cause set in the jewels of God's eloquence in the pages of Sacred Writ, and the records of their lives and deeds thrill, encourage and inspire us to take a bolder stand for God.

But among all the brilliant records of Bible heroes there is none so glorious—not even Daniel's daring of the lions' den—than the story of the three Hebrew boys, who went unharmed through the fiery furnace. Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego beam like iridescent gems through the night of gross heathenism, of which Daniel speaks in the third chapter of his book.

The devil had certainly scored a great triumph when Nebuchadnezzar set up that golden image to be worshipped throughout his empire. Previously the devil had been planning to destroy Daniel's influence, but had unaccountably failed; instead of being degraded, Daniel had been elevated to a position of great political influence and power, and had opened the way for finding a front place for the three trained prophets of God who are the central figures of our story. Those who in reckless confidence do His bidding, God will always bring off more than conquerors.

"Then an herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, lute, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar, the king, hath set up: And whoso faileth not down and worship, he shall be slain on the spot. Then into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." So read the imperial proclamation.

But there were only three people in that great domain who did not worship the golden image. This seems a question which at once arises in an intelligent mind. Oh, no; there were more than three; yes, we may say—say there were many who despised the whole proceedings in their hearts—anyway, there were Jews who knew better—but there were only three who openly defied the decree, and who were anxious that they should be known for the glory of their God, that they worshipped Him only. There was a living faith, not a blind faith, but a faith which helped them to endure, as we read of Moses, "as seeing Him Who is invisible." There is the secret. "What do we care for the threats of man, or the heat of the fire, since we serve the God Who created the fire?"

The Irls were accused, brought before the enraged king. Their answer was

marked by its evidence of sublime faith and its dignity, which was a fit contrast to the buffed coats of the ruler for the god which was the creation of his own mind.

"O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God Whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of this band, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." There was no doubt there about the ability of their God, because there was no discord, no sin, no disobedience there. They knew their God could deliver, and if He would not, it would be His will for them just as well; they could afford to trust Him with the issue of it.

Oh, for a faith like that! Lord, give us this faith! somebody cries out. But the Lord does not give indiscriminately to everybody who fancies that they could be martyrs. Remember that the three Hebrews did not obtain their faith by merely asking for it. Read their history, and you will find that they were in training for it. They had been dedicated to the service of God; they had been careful as to their food, and their smallest habits, as well as their careful observance of prayer and their religious life in spite of all the small details of daily life as well as in the important observance of Jewish worship, they bore continually in mind that their lives were not their own, but had been consecrated to the service of the Most High. Their daily communion with the Almighty had made them familiar with the qualities of God—they knew His character like they knew that of our human friends. But all that was not the special privilege of those three men. Jesus Christ has opened the way for every man to enter the holy of holies, and the entrance to it bears the inscription, "Only consecrated lives may enter here."

To possess the same faith as Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego we must possess the same experience, and to possess the same experience we must make the same consecration of body, soul and spirit. A shorter road, though much sought after, cannot be found; waste no time in seeking for it.

UNKNOWN.

To enter the Spirit life is to be misunderstood and called a mystic, a stranger, by the world. It seems to be unknown by even those who are nearest and dearest in human relations. The life can only be explained in this. The Life can only be lived, yet it carries conviction and power with it. The Life is God.

"Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." His name is Jesus, the very same Christ, but the world does not know Him. Again He walks the earth, again He speaks through lips of clay; but they know not Spirit-born souls, because they know Him not. They are looking for great signs, but all down the ages from the day of Pentecost till now, there have been waiting souls to whom He has revealed the mystery of His coming. There is no romance in this, and it is not so wonderful as this of the King of kings, the One Who is most high and yet most meek and lowly coming into and uniting to Himself a human soul. It is because He found an empty temple where He was desired most of all. There was no sounding of trumpets heard by material ears, no great light seen by natural eyes. He came unto His own, and they received Him not. He came in Spirit and the materially minded knew Him not as of old. He revealed to the ones who received Him the secret, "Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." In your flesh, and the ones who received Him could only fall at His feet, wondering that to a worm of the dust should be granted such love.

A few here and there of God's little and unknown ones are now waiting for the Spirit to quicken their hearts. Wait on, dear ones, it pays. Wait with great joy. He coming draweth nigh. The world may cry, fanaticism, but you will know Him when He comes. You shall see Him as He is. He has promised, "We will come unto him and make Our abode with him," and "I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me." The Price Brand.



A HELPING HAND TO THOSE DISTRESSED.

Salvation in Prison—A Murderer Saved.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

Hamilton's third anniversary was a real success. The presence of that splendid representative gathering on Sunday afternoon, and the unflagging interest evidenced was a high tribute to the place our Rescue Work has won in the Ambitious City.

We have removed from Wentworth St., and the new Home just opened, on Main St., is a real credit to Esquire Kerr. It is sweet, bright and homelike, and possesses the advantage of having a nice little garden in the rear.

Hamilton workers are not behind their League comrades in their zeal and energy. I spent simply a beautiful afternoon with them while in Hamilton, and had a good opportunity of seeing how far-reaching and blessed is their work. Through the courtesy of the Governor, a meeting was ar-



Governor Ogilvie, of Hamilton Jail.

ranged by Mrs. Grizzell, at one o'clock, for the prisoners in the jail, and through the ever-unfailing courtesy of the Superintendent at the Refuge, two holy, happy hours of his spent in prayer, praise and edifying conversation with the patients in that fine institution. They seemed delighted to see us, and many expressed their appreciation of the Sunday sisters' weekly services. Adjts. Moore and Eason Fletcher "lent a hand" very acceptably in our service and visitation.

From London comes a beautiful story of "the wideness of God's mercy" in the conversion of a murderer under-sentencing of death. Mrs. Major Southall tells us: "Our women are going on with their work nicely. The inmates of all the places we visit look eagerly for our coming. Many have been blessed and cheered, and some converted. Last Sunday we had a very large meeting at the jail. When our hour was up we were asked by the Matron to remain and sing for poor Madie Brown, the murderer, who was in his cell below, and only had Monday and Tuesday to live. We sang for an hour. He sent up a request for us to sing, 'The mistakes of my life.'"

"On Monday the Sheriff telephoned me, asking if myself and four others would visit his cell. Brown had asked for us. We spent from ten o'clock Tuesday morning until three the next, only leaving for dinner and tea. We had supper with him in his cell. We spent the time singing, praying, and reading. He had been converted through a letter he had received from a Salvationist in Seattle, who had never seen him, but had read of his case in the papers. We do not doubt his conversion. He wanted to spend his last hours in praise to God. He did not fear death, but told me he had done so up to the time the change came. He prayed twice and was so earnest and went bitterly and was glad to be pleased to bless his poor old mother and sister, and help his mother to bring up her children to serve Him, for Jesus' sake. "And if it

be pleasing to Thee, O God, forgive my many sins, for Jesus' sake." He went bravely to the scaffold, and we were sure as far as he knew he was ready. He had been brought up very wild—was part Indian and part Spaniard.

"It was hard to visit him, but I am sure God helped us to brighten his last hours, and we have just better understand the plan of salvation."

"There was a gentleman, a saved hotel-keeper, Mr. Grigg, now an Evangelist, who came in during the afternoon we were in Brown's cell. This about midnight Dr. Johnston, who has visited him regularly, came and stayed until the last with Mr. Grigg."

From Halifax comes the news of victory on several lines. Adjts. Jordan, who has charge of the League of Mercy in addition to the Home, says: "We had a young man profess conversion in the jail last week, also a young girl. She led to prayer last Sunday. Also a woman from Albemarle St. came in the morning Sunday evening, a keeper of a house, who seemed very penitent, and said she would love to lead a better life, and asked me to call on her. I intend to go to-day. In fact, I am going to-day. I believe, however, but, of course, wish to see much more in the way of definite results. All the League comrades were in beautiful spirits at the meeting last night. Praise God!"

Our Working Woman's Home, in Montreal, has already met a need in that city, and its open doors have proved a real haven to many. From several letters that have been sent to me personally, telling of its usefulness, I call from one: "I am very thankful for the kindness the Captain showed us through our sorrow and my wife's illness. She comforted us like a mother would her children. It is the first time in six weeks I believe, here in Montreal, and I am sure it will be a blessing to many a poor one in distress. Now, I thank you once more for the big kindness that has been shown us, and I hope God will help to keep such a good institution open." And Capt. Crocker reports: "People are delighted with the Home. Citizens are becoming more interested. God has stood by and wonderfully helped us this week. I praise Him for His dear Name. We read and sing and pray almost every evening, and they sometimes ask me to pray in the morning. They enjoy the privilege."

In St. John, N. B., our Women's Social is moving along successfully in all directions. We have just leased a small hall on Bedford St., especially for meetings among the residents of that part of the city. We hope this means to gather in many of the poor unfortunate ones.

The hospital is not only playing a part to those in need of medical attendance, but through the opportunity offered by the physical ministry, many sin-sick souls have been healed. Capt. Hicks writes us of several who have been converted in the hospital.

Moses, Gentleman.

There is often something humorous about a child's definition. Every American will agree with a little boy in a Sunday school in England, who, in an examination on Scripture subjects, gave an original answer to the question, "What can you tell me about Moses?" "Pense, sir, he was a gentleman," replied the little fellow. "A gentleman?" repeated the inspector. "What do you mean by that?" "Pense, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds and Moses were there, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'—(EX.)

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority, nor report what you hear, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—Pent.

XXXXXX

The cost of the Salvation Army Sea-land Operations for the year, as carried on in that country last year, was £150,000. But of this sum no less than £143,000 was paid by the people helped, either in money contributions or in the way of labor.

A Mother's Prevailing Prayer.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By T. C. M.

A well-to-do family lived in the North of Ireland, consisting of the godly widow of a godly man, and two or three daughters. There was a comfortable home, the inmates of which had many blessings, for which they were very thankful to God.

But, as usual, there was a sorrow, and that a dark and heavy one. The mother's only son, bright, well-educated, and of that generous kindly disposition known as good-heartedness, which is so fatal to many of its possessors, was in a distant city on a lonely shore, and was to be fast bound by the chains of that arch-fiend Alcohol.

He had already been away from home for several years, and not for one single day had that mother forgotten to pray for him, and yet no news had been received that could give hope of his deliverance from the foe of his body and his soul.

And yet, with love to anyone but a mother seems marvellous perseverance, she prayed still and believed still.

At last, there came a day when that mother added word to her faith and to her prayers, in the form of a letter to a friend of hers connected with the Salvation Army, asking if he would enlist the aid of his representatives in New York. He complied with the request, and the result was that within a few weeks the young man experienced the wonderful change, called conversion, at a Gospel meeting in this city.

At not a day too soon. When a messenger was sent to the address furnished from the other side, he found that the young man was living in a cheap room on a "hard" street, without any home, even in the ordinary sense of the word, out of work, out of health, without any decent clothes, without money, and, it need hardly be added, without friends.

The Christian gentleman who sent the invitation to the exile to meet him at the hall, was the third of God's angels sent in the matter, as a result of the widowed mother's request, and no one of these three was personally acquainted either with the mother or the prodigal.

The conversion was genuine enough, but the Christians into whose hands God had committed the practical details of answering the mother's prayers, knew enough of the weakness of human nature, and of the physical condition of one who had passed through such experiences as those of their convert, to take pains to place him where he would be helped by his surroundings and by his everyday associates.

A few days before this employment was actually secured, he wrote as follows of a previous experience in a letter to his mother:

"I cannot begin to tell you of what I have passed through. . . . When I went to work for a few days as mentioned, I was not fit—had just recovered from a typhoid fever. On Saturday night, completely worn out, I allowed myself to be persuaded to take a drink. Then all was up. Rum took more than ever, and took a stronger hold on my system than ever before. . . . One night I had to walk the streets hungry and cold.

"Last Wednesday was my birthday, and although I had no bed on Tuesday night nor any supper, I made a stand that day and have not tasted a drop since. You may think I could not if I had no money, but all I can say is when a fellow gets so drunk he can get whiskey. Now, I am so free from it that if I have to die on the street, I won't take a drink. . . . I cherish the memory of you all. If I could forget you and be forgotten, it would perhaps be better, but I cannot."

Not only was employment found among those who would be helpful spiritually, to the new convert, but efforts were successfully made to place him where the benefits of similar help would be enjoyed in his home life. And only five months after his passing

from the darkness of sin into the light of God, the lady in whose house he lived was able to write thus to his mother:

"I can honestly thank God since your boy (I had almost said "our") came into the home with me; there is nothing the most exacting could take exception to in his work and conversation. I believe he is living an honest, Christian life, and growing in grace and knowledge. The growth may be slow, but I verily believe 'tis sure, and I ought to know a little about him."

About a fortnight after this testimony was written, the lady himself wrote to his mother the last letter she ever received from him. In it he said, referring to the fact that he had given his testimony to God's saving and keeping power, in a meeting, "I knew that my Lord, Who saved me, would be pleased, so I got to my feet and just told how I was saved and kept. It is a great crime to me to testify, but whenever I have done it I have felt rewarded."

About six weeks after writing this letter, he was suddenly taken ill while at his work and promptly taken to the hospital, where it was found that his condition was most critical.

[A GOOD SOLO FOR SUNDAY NIGHT.]

The Stranger at the Door.

P. Adagio.



1. At my heart's door a Stranger knock'd. He stood a - lone, sore beaten by the



storm; It was my Lord, I knew it not. So I from Him unworld a way led



CHORUS, dolce, Andante con moto.



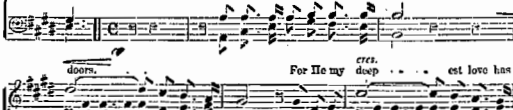
My heart is

now

To Him as

turn.

My heart is now my Sa-viour's home.



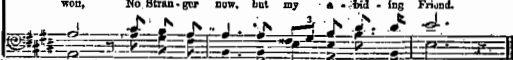
To Him its doors have wide been thrown,

For He my deep-est love has



woe.

No Stran-ger now, but my a - bid - ing Friend.



That Stranger came my love to win,
But, harder 'I, I would not His plead-
ings hear;
For years my heart's door closed had
been,

But joy and peace had long been ab-
sent there.

To plead my Saviour did not cease,

Through the night nurse, word was conveyed to the gentleman who was his spiritual father, and who had all along taken a practical interest in his well-being. He was promptly on hand next morning at the hospital, but was refused access to the patient, as the doctors were anxious that any kind of excitement should be avoided. He experienced a similar disappointment in the evening. Late that night, however, the lady with whom the young man had boarded was granted an interview of only a few minutes' dura-

tion, but the conversation was long enough to demonstrate the value of God's saving power in death as well as in life.

At half-past three next morning he went to be with his Saviour Whom he loved, and Who had loved him so much that He has given His life a ransom for his soul. Before he departed, he left word with the nurse that a message should be sent to his mother and sister that he would meet them all in heaven.

On the last day of the year a cable came to New York saying that the wandering boy had been laid beside his father in the quiet graveyard of his native town in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the just.

A Miracle of Healing.

How an Army Soldier Got Healed, then Lost It Through Unbelief, and was Finally Restored.

By ENSIGN ROBT. SMITH.

Sister Ferris had been a sufferer for years previous to her healing. Her

been feeling miserable for three days, and on asking her if she felt it was God's will that she should be healed, she said, "Yes." I further asked her what she meant by that. She said, "What were God's requirements?" She said that God required her to place husband and all on the altar and become a Salvation Army soldier. At first she was willing to do this, but she finally yielded, and as her nerves became unstrung and she could not bear any noise whatever, she was exhorting to go right to the bottom of the body. The moment her faith reached out her head stopped and her voice came back,

In Fact, She Was Healed.

Her soul was filled with rapture and joy and after she had both prayed and given thanks to God, she commenced to sing that beautiful verse:—

"Here I give my all to Thee.
'Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body 'Thine to be,

She could not finish it because of the power of God coming on her, body and soul. She felt His healing touch to go right to the bottom of the body. The room was filled with the glory of God. It was good to be there. Her mother was in the back kitchen washing, and she went and asked her mother if she might finish the washing. The next night she walked half-a-mile to the Army barracks, and stood all the noise of the drum, etc., and we used to make lots of noise in those days. For two years she had been in this kind of trouble and walked in the strength which God gave, and after she was healed three children were born to her. But through some means or other she

Failed to Fully Obey God,

and trust Him, and surely the words of Jesus came true in her case. "No more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." For years her dear mother and husband would work two, three and four hours every night to bring back her health, but as their efforts would stop shaking at night, a choking attack would come over her.

Once she went under an operation, but it did her no good, and the late spring, when she was much concerned and loved, said her only help was in God: human skill could not help her. She had felt for some time that she should dedicate her little girl to God in the Army, and on Dedication Sunday, last February, her father brought her and the little girl down to the barracks. We had a very impressive service. A little Junior sang, "When I am a Soldier of Salvation, I'll be brought to Jesus," which touched many hearts and tears flowed freely. We dedicated the little one to God and the Army, and although very weak, Sister Ferris spoke a few words.

Some nine days after her little girl asked her grandfather to tell Ensign Smith to come up for tea, and I went. Sister F. and I had a good, profitable talk, her conversation drifting to the healing of her body. I felt some assurance that God was going to heal her, although the day previous had been one of her worst.

After tea I read a few verses from the Bible and prayed, especially that God would heal her, and while on one knee she felt strengthened. Her husband and I left the house right away. While she was away, her mother came from the table she said, "Why can't God heal me now?" It was then that a voice came to her clearly saying, "Yes, He can." The tempter came to tell her He could not, but she turned round and said,

Get Thee Behind Me, Satan.

I believe God to heal me now." His healing hand this time was laid on her head, and she was made whole. She needed no more treatment. Her mother came over as usual to doctor her. The little girl met her and said, "Grandma, Jesus has stopped mamma's head." It was certainly true. She is able to do her own work, and walk down to the barracks for washing, and not feel tired, and she can truly testify to the Divine touch of the healing hand, and although the devil does tempt her, yet she is proving His grace sufficient.

When I went to visit her a few days after she was healed, the little girl said, "Mamma gave me to Jesus, and Jesus has healed Mamma and when her husband is not saved, she is believing for his salvation.
To God be praise and glory.

Though so long was heedless of His voice;
He knew for me there was no peace,
But grief and danger in my sinful choice.

That Stranger now as Lord I own.
I love Him with an undivided soul;
The days of gloom and grief are gone,
And all my life is now in His control.

life for the most part had been one of sickness, but she had learned, early in life, to love God, having been brought up and trained by a godly mother.

When stationed in Brandon, some 11 years ago, I often used to visit her home, and others beside myself used to speak to her of looking to God for healing. She had not been able to do her own housework for years.

One day in August, 1887, she was worse than usual, having had laughing fits. I happened to drop in that evening. Sister Ferris told me that she had

Make it Personal.

By S. . . .

PERHAPS no person ever volunteered his own weakness and error more distinctly, without meaning to do so, or had stupid advice more indiscriminately taken than the minister who said, once on a time, that he advised all young preachers to do what he had accustomed himself to do—look on congregations as made up of so many cabbage-heads. We ourselves doubt whether the cabbage-head plan is not a little more nervousness. Admitting it to be such, there are far better remedies. It certainly is responsible for the failure of plans and schemes for the bettering of humanity and the Christianizing of the world which have cost prayers, and tears, and effort, and money enough to have evangelized a continent.

People are constantly asking us to explain to them why their work does not sell; why their Sunday-School classes are not converted; why their prayers for "the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in this neighborhood and community" do not result in the fact that their sister does get saved. And yet nine out of every ten look hurt and surprised as they answer "No" to our counter-questions—

"Did you ever tell your own experience to your Sunday-School class?"

"Do you tell all your neighbors how you feel about their low spiritual state? Does your sister know how you grieve over her?"

Cabbage-Head Theory.

For the cabbage-head theory holds away in Christendom, and it is so much easier to talk about people and at people than to talk to people, and we are anxious to remove the blame from God-inspired and successful human effort for human souls is—make it personal!

Deal with people not as cabbage-heads, but as immortal individuals!

One of the clearest evidences of spiritual decision in a generation, in a church, or an individual is a disinclination to give point and personality to discourse on spiritual things. The revival of spirituality—the holiness movement of the last quarter of a century—has been distinctly characterized by the unsparing of Christian lips to give personal testimony to the power of a personal Christ. Anybody, nowadays is willing to talk about duty in the abstract, or religious as theories. It is the fashion of the day. One discusses the pros and cons of the confessional between dances and amusements of the last, and the Trinity over an ice. But, all the same, you can gauge a man's soul-state still by the readiness or unready to talk about Jesus and his own knowledge of coming after him.

Exceptions to this general rule are found most frequently among what has been termed "cultured Christendom." The greater amount of culture people possess, the larger their vocabulary, the keener their grasp of the laws of mind, the more delicately exact their powers of expression, the better fitted they are to help their fellow-Christians by stirring up their various experiences, and by drawing out and helping to clear up other people's difficulties, and perplexities, and puzzles. Yet our cultured Christians are not generally the most practical in this respect. What a pity—that prophesying should not offend be both with the spirit and with the understanding!

Organization Not Sufficient.

Organization in religious effort is strength and power when it merely forms a basis for individual leverage. It is the oven destruction of the moment when it is used to hide the moment in its members the sense of individual responsibility for individual souls.

Possibly you and I, fellow-soldiers, do more of this general, indefinite shifting of responsibility on the masses of our comrades than we would realize. Do you never make it an excuse for not dropping into the saloon at your corner, as you once used, with a War Cry and a warm, hearty greeting to the man who has been there since you first saw him, that your brigades are really sweeping the town; they'll all hear you go by directly with the band? But "going along by in the procession" is not the same thing, and this fails to your own name.

When you see something "not quite right" in husband, in sister, in servant, instead of going straight to the point with them about it—instead of questioning and pleading and praying—are you not apt to comfort yourself with the reflection that to-morrow night is holiness meeting night, and it will probably get put straight then? When you see your duty as a watchman? (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.) Suppose it does get put right, your soul is not delivered. It is the man who sees his brother sin who is to ask pardon for him, and that man alone God gives the promise of his brother's life.

Difficulty and effectiveness, we believe, vary alike in inverse ratio to one's distance, actual and metaphorical, from the human being who needs help! Take what we in the Army term "platform work." By the "foolishness of preaching" men are saved, certainly, and a platform has many advantages. But the disadvantage of a platform is that it does not give the comparatively safe altitude of a high platform. Perhaps that is the reason why we could count on our fingers, out of the hundreds on hand, who have collected us minutely the stories of their conversions, the men and women who have mentioned anything said in a public address or testimony as giving them the same valuable help sent them over the bar into the harbor.

Open-air talks have more witnesses in their favor. This is closer work, you see! One has no column of vantage. No Sergeant can force your congregation to listen, and you have no choir. Open-air speakers are, therefore likely to be livelier and more forcible—in other words, more personal.

Be Personal in Prayer Meeting.

Next comes the "personal dealing" of an after-meeting. Oh, how many soldiers and officers in the light to-day look back on their former condition, being the seat behind or the back of the form in front, or over from the crowded aisle, with eyes that showed a personal love and longing for their souls, and which revealed a heart so infected therein "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God," as its owner had seen it freshly "in the face of Jesus Christ!" Freshly! For in the Spirit which revealed Christ within us, has withdrawn Himself ever so little from our own hearts, we shall know it when we come into direct collision with the powers of darkness in another soul. Personal prayer, with its safeguard and our least dangerous mode of self-examination.

Most delicate, most difficult, most careful of all, perhaps, is personal carelessness each for each other's souls. It is the householder of faith. "Provoke one another to love and good works"—"exhort one another"—the New Testament is full of commands for us to watch for one another's souls. Certainly, we can only dare to do if we are ourselves in very close personal communion with our Lord; if we first have taken exhortation and reproof to ourselves with the true "little deal" spirit.

"Does that mean me?" the child at your elbow asks, while you are coolly discussing abstract principles and general laws of conduct. No one can be offended, therefore, by the child's question, "Do you always do that, aunt?" Strong personal influence implies a strong sense of personal responsibility.

You mean to lend this very paper to someone who has said to you, "I am in the Army work. Do you take its stories home to yourself? When you read of the self-sacrifice of your Indian comrades, do you study your own ways to see whether you are willing as they to "come down" to the people you wish to reach?

Are you sure you "read your name into" your Bible? Do you remember, perhaps? What about the promise? Did Jesus exclude you from the order, "Go ye into all the world"? Are you certain that that did not mean you ought to have been among those who have given their lives for the nation?

Yes, cannot be laid down by proxy. Indiscriminate prayers will not take the place of a veritable cross, when the time comes to exchange for a crown. You want a personal heaven; you need a personal heaven. Say, "I have given your life to win them for your own—now, your very self to win them for others through weary, weary service which alone can be successful when made intensely

Personal

To Set You Thinking.

Don't play with sin, it kills!

xxxxxx

"The horseshoe that clatters wants a nail."

xxxxxx

Everyone has a fair turn to be as good as he pleases.

xxxxxx

A false, untrue, impure companion is to be shunned as you would a mad dog.

xxxxxx

He that follows his pleasures instead of his business will soon have no business to follow.

xxxxxx

Steady and undivided attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agitation are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind.

xxxxxx

It is possible for a man to climb high, but as sure as sunset follows sunrise, so surely will he fall. You cannot build on sand, and at the same time expect your building to stand.

xxxxxx

Choose ever to do what is the most just and most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments, which are never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

—"Assurance."

Ceylon Rescue Work.

The opportunities for Rescue Work in Ceylon are unlimited. The Rescue Home is beautiful in location, being in a picturesque and quiet part of Borella. It is a spacious house with large compound and garden, where the girls are quite busy and happy, singing snatches of Army choruses, while they are engaged in some useful employment, lace making, sewing, gardening, etc., etc.

During the nine years the Rescue Home has been in existence, a large and satisfactory percentage of the cases received have turned out well. Some have been restored to friends and relatives, others have been given in marriage, while a large number are in situations and giving satisfaction, to say nothing of others who have passed away triumphantly. The best evidence we have of the satisfaction that the girls give in their respective situations is the large number of applications for servants, the applicants having heard of the satisfactory character of the servants supplied by the Home, and the large number of friends. We are unable to meet the large demand made upon us.

A Good Case.

The other day, one of the first inmates, who was rescued by the officers, called at the Home, having just returned from her second trip to England and spent a fortnight in the States. She was the means of her deliverance—soul and body—and setting her up in life. Not only does she possess splendid certificates of character from her employers, some of the leading firms in Ceylon, but has many tokens in the shape of presents for her good services and a handsome banking account. During this fortnight it was most interesting to see her attitude of mind, and to hear of her want about to express the same to the different parties who had had a hand in her amelioration, and finished up by handing a good sum to the Secretary as her thanksgiving gift to the Rescue Work. How beautiful and encouraging! She left again for another situation with a leading family.

The Jury Studies Pauperism.

The Grand Jury of Crawford County, Pa., has just presented a report in which it gives an account of its examination of the poor families of this county and the paupers there supported at public expense. It says:

"It may be of interest to state that from a careful estimation made by the jury, it was found that 70 per cent. of those unfortunate people become wards of the county directly or indirectly through the effects of intoxicating liquors."—The New Voice.

Sunbury's Anniversary.

SIXTEEN YEARS' WARFARE.

The Sunbury corps of the Salvation Army celebrated their Sixteenth Anniversary on May 14th and 15th, in proper style.

The Gannaque String Band, under the able leadership of Bro. Burleigh, kindly consented to help us, and provided splendid music for the occasion. Sunday was a glorious day. Large crowds, finances away up. In the afternoon we had a very blessed meeting. The Sergt.-Major and Treasurer and other comrades told how God saved them through the instrumentality of the R. A. The Sergt.-Major said that when he was converted, the hall was so full he could not get in through the door, so he climbed through the window, with the help of the Treasurer, who was unsaved at the time, and made his way to the peaceful (from all sound) converted. The band played some fine selections. Sunday night the building was packed. We had a very good meeting.

On Monday night we had a big jubilee, led by Bro. Burleigh, who, smiling-faced D. O. Adj. Burleigh, kept the people in good humor with his Irish wit. The Adjutant, by the way, is an Englishman. Quite a number of ladies were present. Capt. Crego and Lieut. Norman and Bro. Hicks, from Gannaque, and Capt. McNaney and Bro. and Sister Dowds, from Kingston. Solos, duets, trios, unadorned selections were well rendered and were well appreciated.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the Gannaque comrades, who came to help us with no little inconvenience to themselves.

Capt. Owens spoke on behalf of Kingston comrades, whose singing and playing helped to make the meeting a success.

We had a large crowd and we wound up feeling satisfied that these meetings were the best and most enthusiastic Anniversary meetings ever held in Sunbury.—Wehmann.

Married Under the Colors in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Wedding bells have been ringing at Sheridan, and the oldest and youngest soldiers of the corps become one.

On May 13th, at 8 o'clock p.m., in the S. A. barracks, beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, and with the dear old colors of the Army, Yellow, Red, and Blue, Bro. Ernest Bryse and Sister Sophia Ray were united by the bonds of holy matrimony. The Rev. Mr. Dent officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Rozelle, a travelling evangelist.

After the ceremony, Capt. Miller, ever thoughtful of the soldiers, gave notice of the large crowd, and called on Rev. Mr. Dent, who made a very earnest plea for the Christian home.

Rev. Mr. Rozelle then being called on, stated that Saturday was his night of rest, and therefore he would not preach a sermon, but if every minister and S. A. officer would lire such volleys of Gospel shot into the hearts of our men, they would be thirty minutes, I believe God would excuse them from ever preaching a sermon. He hit the devil, and he hit him hard. Hallelujah!

We have been having most blessed times since the last report. Some crosses, of course; among others the severe illness of our officers. The Lieutenant is able to be with us, but the Captain is very sick.

Four souls have been saved lately. Capt. Miller and Lieut. Greaves said when they came here that they might as well see the devil and then they would never see him again. They were wounded, but quite severely. Hallelujah!

Soldiers are fighting, sinners are coming, and the devil is running. Queer people, these Sheridan soldiers! They seem to have a grudge against the devil.

Some time during the coming week five soldiers and recruits intend leaving this city for Halloway. We shall miss them.—W. A. McMaster.

Oh, so to live that those who see may say
Surely, this one to honor points the way.
—Henry Droske.

Weekly Watchword: Comfort.

"The religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;"
"The religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

Daily Tonic.

—
—
—
SUNDAY.

The God of all Comfort.—II. Cor. i. 3.

There is only one source of true comfort. All satisfaction, relief and consolation are found alone in God. Let us think of Him in this tender, all-merciful character. There is no grief too bitter for His grace to soothe, no pain too keen for His power to alleviate, no test of circumstances too trying for His love to brighten.

—
MONDAY.

Christ, the World's Comforter.—Is. lxi. 2.

But though the Creator has ever been able and willing to comfort the tribulations of the creature, there could be no comfort while sin's debt remained unpaid, and its fetters unbroken. Christ came to free the world, and this put it in a position to receive the comfort of God. Those who, by conversion are made partakers in the glorious effects of the work Christ came to do, may claim the best comfort held in Heaven's store of consolation.

—
TUESDAY.

The Comfort of the Holy Ghost.—John xiv. 16-18.

Christ lived and died for the world, and then left it for the right hand of God, but He did not leave His children desolate. Wherever there is a child of God unreasonably distressed and complaining, you may be sure that they have not received the indwelling of the Holy Ghost as it is their privilege that they should. The comfort of the Holy Ghost quickens the heart bright and the spirit cheerful under every varying circumstance of life and warfare.

—
WEDNESDAY.

The Comfort of the Scriptures.—IIo. xv. 4.

Do we realize this as we should? Years since, when the very possession of a Bible couried rack and flame, men and women felt that they drew

brave anything to get the comfort and strength with which its pages were stored. Now, when it is so easy to obtain and read God's word, do we prize our privilege as we ought, or use it as we might?

—
THURSDAY.

Comfort in the Valley.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

Dying comfort is desired by all, nor will it be denied to those who have lived within God's will and love. The "rod and staff" which has been their stay in life will but prove more strong when all earth's props decline and fall. The darkness of the valley will be robbed of its terrors as the soul descends into the gloom with the light and consolation of the presence of Jesus by their side.

FRIDAY.

Queer Comfort.—Job ii. 11.

Job was in sore need of comfort. His three friends came to offer the best they had, but it was a poor sort they had to give. Perhaps the best that they did for him was when they sat those seven days and seven nights upon the ground in silent sympathy.

—
SATURDAY.

We, in Turn, Comforters.—II. Cor. i. 4.

One of the most beautiful features of Christianity, is its double influence of blessing. We get our hearts comforted and our spirits set in tune by the quickening influences of conquering Grace, and then we go out to be the comforters of others.



A Sabbath at Capernaum.

Mark i. 21-35.

Jesus had been thrust out of Nazareth. In this city He had lived thirty blameless and beautiful years. Although it seemed to have been within the Providence of the Divine Plan that the early life of the world's Redeemer should be surrounded with the strictest seclusion from the public eye, yet the influence of that stainless manhood must have gone forth, and in Nazareth at least, Christ be known as the embodiment of all those graces which go to make up the ideal man. Yet it was in this same city that Christ received His first public insult, and His life was imperiled by the fury of His persecutors. Poor, blind Nazarenes! Did they think, as they hurried the One against whom they could find no fault, save that they knew the homelessness of His parentage, out to the edge of the precipice, from whose giddy danger a miracle wrested Him from their hands, that they were thrusting forth their last and only hope?

It is a fearful thing to send God away from any city. There have been other instances, in a later day, of com-

munities which have put Him out of their politics, scorned His Name in social life, and trampled upon His remembrance in the education of their children. And the result?—Disorder, demoralization, revolution, and noise. Shut Christ out of the life of a people, and you shut off all that is most indelible in their history. To-day Nazareth is only remembered by the fact that the Son of God once sojourned there.

But though one city turned its back upon the One Who would have been its highest benefactor, another opened her gates. Well for Capernaum that she did—for the coming of that new Guest meant life to the dying, strength to the sick and deliverance to many within her coasts who were bound by disadvantages infinitely more dreadful than those of physical disease.

It is ever thus. When Christ comes into a life, a family, or a town, salvation, satisfaction, peace, and, as a rule, a measure of temporal prosperity attend His entrance. Let Christ come into your heart and life, and you will open the door to all blessing and every good.

This is the first recorded Sabbath of the public ministry of our Lord. It is an ideal day, spent in the interests of others.

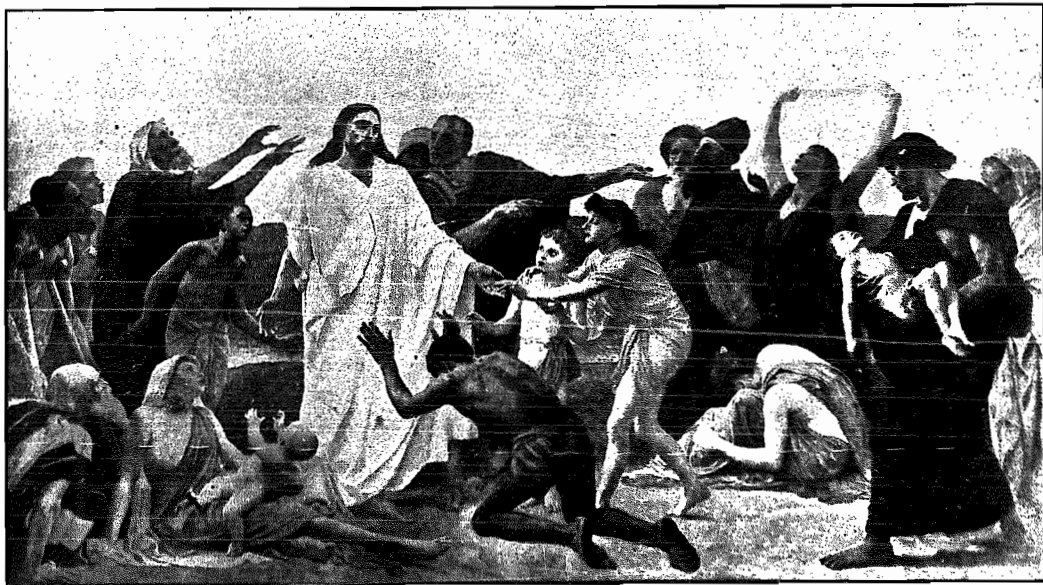
We notice that it began in God's house. Christ ever upheld the seasons of public worship, but He insisted that they should not be merely the dead letter and form, to which the Jewish religious ceremonies had too widely degenerated, but the whole-hearted and sincere expression of prayer and praise which alone can ever reach the ear of God.

Into the midst of the quiet hour, when the words of the Great Teacher were astonishing and convincing the Scribe-taught people, there came a sudden interruption—the cry of a madman. This man was probably afflicted with a kind of temporary insanity, and his weak clouded mind presented a ready agent for the devil in his wish to disturb that profitable time.

But the devil had a strange and purer Power to cope with than his own cunning, and if such were his design, it was a miserable failure. The poor maniac was the first occasion for the manifestation of the miraculous ability of the Saviour in that city. Before night the fame of the wonderful cure had spread from gate to gate. When the dusk of the Eastern day had fallen, pathetic little processions formed from all parts of the city, leading their maimed, halt and blind, carrying their bed-ridden and devil-possessed to the house where Jesus was. Who received and gave them the succor that they besought of Him.

Perhaps the ending of the day was the most beautiful of all. It shows us Christ in the early dawn, no doubt physically much fatigued by the labors of the past twelve hours, seeking some solitary place in which to refresh His Spirit with communion with His Father. God help us to follow our Example in His moments of lonely waiting upon Heaven, as well as in His busy self-sacrifice to bless the people.

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done, To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-holding sun. That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."



BY THE SEA OF GALILEE.

GAZETTE.

Promotions and Appointments:—

Lieut. Muttart, of Bear River, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Doyle, of Fairville, to be Captain.
 Cadet Hart, of Lippincott Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Norwich.
 Cadet Harman, of the Richmond St. Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Guelph.
 Cadet Calvert, of the Richmond St. Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Uxbridge.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.



Truth Triumphant.

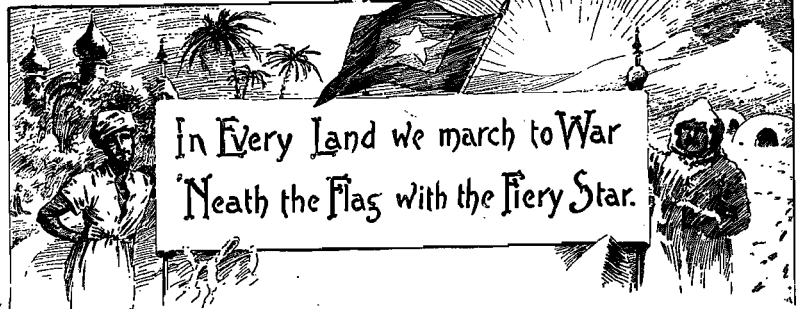
The words, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," has never had a more striking illustration than has been furnished during the last few years by the famous, or rather, infamous Dreyfus case. Without considering the political aspect of it, there is now every evidence before the world that a most atrocious outrage against justice was committed when the former Captain in the French army was condemned to banishment and confined on Devil's Island, which sentence was, in many respects, worse than death. Truth, however, cannot be entirely hid by falsehood, be it ever so cunningly devised and its perpetrators ever so powerful. The story of how the innocence of the imprisoned man and the guilt of his accusers gradually came to light, reads like a romance, and although the closing chapter of the Dreyfus case has yet to be enacted, there is little doubt that the new court-martial which has been ordered, will find Dreyfus "not guilty."

The history of the case is well-known all round the civilized world. One by one the enemies of Dreyfus have fallen into disgrace, or have ended in ignominious death. War and revolution have at different stages of the affair threatened. We cannot help but read in the Dreyfus case the one great object-lesson of life, written in giant letters by the finger of God: that Sin and Falsehood, however swift-footed, are but short-lived and shall perish in disgrace, while Virtue and Truth will survive all slander and persecution, and rise in its own imperishable strength in final victory.

COMMISSIONER AND MARECHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN WELCOME ANOTHER SON.

On the Sunday morning of Whitsuntide, the Marechale had the joy of welcoming a new boy. The arrival was somewhat sudden. The Commissioner was away campaigning among the Belgian miners and was busy that morning—Pentecost Day—welcoming fourteen souls to the penitential form at Marchiennes.

Mother and child are doing well. The Commissioners Booth-Clibborn have now five sons and four daughters growing up for the war in their home in Amsterdam.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth states that 90% of the Rescue cases are satisfactory. This is an astounding tribute to the effectiveness of the Rescue Homes.

The Salvation Army Exhibition, in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, will take place from July 14th to August 7th.

Nearly 300 Cadets were present at the "Three Days' Camp, held by the Chief, at Hangleigh Colony.

Ensign Fred Bloss' article on "Soul-saving in the Klondike" and "Sergeant Seed" "Denunciations of a dissatisfied man," appear in the latest English Cry.

Commissioner Coumbs is famed all over the British Isles for his solo singing. Many of our readers will remember his songs to this country in the early days.

Our friends who live in the country would be doing a good work if they would send the Slum Officers flowers for distribution amongst the sick and poor. Brigadier Bown says that, as the Slum Officers all come up to 101 Queen Victoria St. every Thursday, it would be beautiful if our contributors would time their fragrant gifts to reach us on that day, and thus all would have a share in the bounty.

We understand that amongst the visitors to our London Exhibition will be a party of 12 children from the Salvation Army schools in India. No doubt these young people will be amongst the chief attractions of the Exhibition.

The Registration Department, for providing lodgings, is proving very useful to comrades coming to London and desiring accommodation for a few days or longer.

The Y. P. League Secretary has conducted meetings in many leading London houses, and is prepared to do so wherever such can be arranged. Open-air, commencing at 9:30 p.m., will be regularly run in connection with the League during the summer.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander is starting on a tour through the Western States, to California.

The Divisional totals of the U. S. America Self-Denial effort amounted to \$981.21.

The Staff Band, accompanied by Brigadiers Brengle and Scott, visited Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for a week-end and saw over 150 people at the penitential form.

out form. The whole town was stirred.

Colouel Higgins conducted a meeting in the Bowery Corps, and nine came forward.

Capt. Hugen, recently stationed at Belt, under Brigadier Howell, has been transferred to the States and married to Capt. May, at Portland, Oregon.

A group of Salvationists held a meeting outside the Metropole Hotel, in St. Joseph, Mo., and the guests gathered among themselves \$52.65 and handed it to the Captain.

Lieut. Lindberg, a Swedish girl, has sold 27,000 War Cry in seventeen months.

FRANCE.

The special annual meetings, on Ascension Day, in Lausanne, conducted this year, in the absence of the General, by Commissioner Howard, have been abundantly blessed. In one of the meetings 105 persons went to the penitential form. The special open-air meetings, in Zurich, were of a most interesting character.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg met with an accident in Zurich. Sliding on the wet ground during an open-air meeting, he injured his foot, and will be obliged to keep in for a few days. The Commissioners are very encouraged in their work. They intend to push the war, before the end of next year, hoping to enroll 1,000 new soldiers and recruits, to increase 1,500 a week the circulation of En Avant, and to have, before the opening of the Exhibition, 12 corps in Paris.

ITALY.

The meeting in gondolas, held by Brigadier Clibborn, in Venice, have been attended by crowds of attentive and sympathetic people. By the walls of the State Prison, near the famous Venetian Bridge, the Ponte del Sospir, the gondola stopped and the Brigadier gave the prisoners a message of hope and love.

Brigadier Mrs. Clibborn is in very poor health. She intends, nevertheless, to visit every corps in the Italian Province.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Barritt, of the Northern Province, is far-reaching. Brigadier Rauch is inspecting the Social Institutions. The Editor is preparing the Annual Social Report.

Adj. Ferreira is touring the Orange

Free State, doing pioneer work for the S. A.

A special winter number of the War Cry is on the boards. Will appear about the 1st of July.



THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, Miss Evangeline Booth, will visit ST. JOHN, N.B.,

and conduct the following meetings:

MONDAY, JUNE 19th.—Soldiers' Meeting.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20th.—Installation of Major and Mrs. Pickering, the New Provincial Officers, at the Mechanic's Institute.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS' TOUR.

WINDSOR, N. S., Saturday and Sunday, June 17th and 18th.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Monday and Tuesday, June 19th and 20th.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Riverside, Thursday, June 15.
 Temple, Monday, June 19.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., Fri., June 15, 16.
 New Whateam, Saturday, June 17, to Wednesday, June 21.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thursday, June 15, to Wednesday, June 21.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Little Current, Thurs., Fri., June 15, 16.
 Parry Sound, Sat., Sun., Mon., June 17, 18, 19.
 Ahmie Harbor, Tues., Wed., June 20, 21.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Brantford, Thursday, June 15.
 Watford, Friday, June 16.
 Simcoe, Sat., Sun., June 17, 18.
 Tilsonburg, Mon., Tues., June 19, 20.
 Norwich, Wednesday, June 21.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Prescott, Thurs., Fri., June 15, 16.
 Morrisburg, Sat., Sun., June 17, 18.
 Cornwall, Mon., Tues., Wed., June 19, 20, 21.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Leithridge, Thursday, June 15.
 Carberry, Friday, June 16.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

North Sydney, Thursday, June 15.
 Sydney Mines, Friday, June 16.
 New Glasgow, Sat., Sun., June 17, 18.
 Trenton, Monday, June 19.
 Stellarton, Tuesday, June 20.
 Westville, Wednesday, June 21.



A Trophy of Grand Forks.

DOCTOR CHURCH TELLS OF HIS CAREER.

I was saved when quite young, at about twenty. Up to that time I had never touched intoxicating drink, nor smoked, or gone into any other so-called open sin. My people were Methodists—my father was a class leader for over forty years. I kept saved for about three years, then disobeyed God and became altogether discouraged.



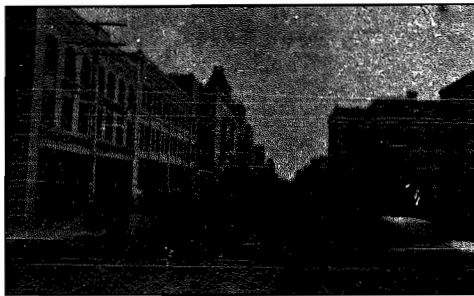
Dr. Church, of Grand Forks, N.D.

Soon after, I came to this country and drifted entirely away from God, for at that time there were in Dakota no churches, or any other good influences. I made lots of money, could reckon upon forty dollars a day at my trade, being a Veterinary Surgeon. I went in for selling strong drink and made twenty-one hundred dollars. In the eleven months during which I did so, I used to spend at least one dollar in drink per day in my house and another dollar for cigars, besides what I spent for drinks in saloons. I kept the money in gold in a bag made of the skin of a deer, which I had shot myself and whose hide I tanned. After that I went to my home with the money I had made, and in six weeks I had spent it all.

The money having been disposed of, I returned to the West and went into sin more than ever; I fairly plunged into all sorts of debauchery to have "a good time," or to drown misery. I so lived life that on two occasions I



Bro. Williams, Grand Forks, N.D.



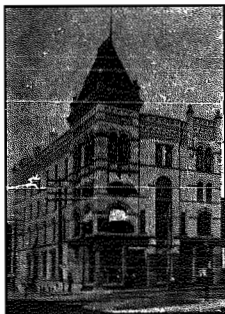
Third Street, Grand Forks, N.D.

nearly committed suicide. Once I challenged a man to fight me a duel, getting him first well-dilled with whiskey in hopes that he would end my life, as I did not want to take my own life, which, to me, appeared so cowardly.

Going to War.

I enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War in the one hope that I might be shot and so end the misery of this life. I rushed on with time until after the Salvation Army had opened fire in our town. They came about Christmas, and I think it was in April that I was passing the hull. The Captain was just begging for a bed, and said they had been sleeping on the floor, or some other hard substance. I told my wife to go to the door and tell them we would give them a bed. Next day the Captain came after it, and told me God loved me. That made me mad and I told him He didn't; still he said God loved me just the same, and invited me to meeting. I went. He preached on the love of God. It touched me; I never could quit thinking about it. At last, after going a number of times, during which time the officers changed, I made up my mind I would get saved or stop going. The devil said God would not save the

cers wanted me to march and sit on the platform. I was determined to get out of it; I felt that I could have faced a battle a lot easier. The Captain would not take "No" for an answer, but made me march and sit on the platform. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. Let me give this advice to every Captain, to every L. O. or other officer, to insist on converse doing this the first night; it strengthened and, in fact, made me. Ever since, my life has been mostly made up in paying debts, asking people's pardon and trying to make wrongs right. I haven't quite finished yet, but I'm trying, by God's help, to make wrongs right every day, and if there is one thing I especially thank God for, it is the way He is helping me to do that, where in many cases I could not see how I could ever make them right. Everything seems to come my way, and I'm aiming to turn them to best account. I am a Salvationist through and through, and have been saved eight years now. I never want to be anything else. I love the Lord. I love the work, and only want to live to help souls to God and make every wrong right if possible. I got such a lot of help from Commandant Herbert Booth, when he was out here. God bless him! Also from the present Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth; she is a wonderful woman. Lastly, I got a proper good scolding from the General, which, I guess, did me good, too, and no hurt. God bless them all, and the Army and our Grand Forks corps.—Jerry Church.



The Herald Building, Grand Forks, N.D.

likes of me, but I made up my mind even if Christ did not save me, I was going to Him anyway and would give myself to Him. That evening I was called away and did not get to the hull until late. The hull was packed and the door closed against any more that should try to get in. I was let in through the back door, made my way straight to the penitent form and prayed, but did not claim the promise until I reached home, when the Lord saved me. Next night, when the off-

Pearls in Golden Setting.

The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthlessness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. The might of a river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it flows, but on the breadth, width and depth of the spring from which it proceeds.—F. W. Robertson.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when an injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because heaven is born of God, and rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.—Thomas A. Kempis.

What is the measure of the love we owe to others? It is the measure of what we think is owing to ourselves.—Dean Stanley.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE MAYOR OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.

I highly appreciate the work done by the select committee in our city, and feel if it had done no more than being the means of saving the life of one man of whom I know and think a great deal of, it has done a great work.

Mayor Simmie
Mayor

Newfoundland Officers

Send Greeting to the Field Commissioner

The Territorial Secretary's Tour a Magnificent Success.

(By wire.)

St. Johns, June 6th, 1899.

The Territorial Secretary's tour has been completed amidst a powerful baptism of Pentecostal power. Marvellous meetings at Bay Roberts, Carleton Place and Harbor Grace. Souls at every meeting. Officers' councils and public gatherings at St. Johns were magnificent. Huge crowds attended and a blessed enthusiasm prevailed. Eighty souls knelt at the Cross during the campaign.

Staff and Field Officers and soldiers deeply appreciate their Commissioner's loving and inspiring message, and send united, loyal and fervently affectionate greetings, as well as their pledge to do their share of the Century Scheme. The war generally shall be pushed to the utmost degree. A heavy snow-storm is raging.—Brigadier Sharp.

Let grace and goodness be the principal lodestone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end.—Dryden.

What has love no power to do? By her power weak women have been made strong—stronger than hate, stronger than torture, stronger than death. It voices a wisdom wiser than philanthropy ever uttered, or sages ever learned.—W. H. Murray.

The sum of all that has been said on love is this: Whatever I speak, whatever I know, whatever I believe, whatever I do, whatever I suffer, if I have not the faith that works by love—love to God and to all mankind—I am not in the narrow way.—Wesley.

From Millbrook to the Mansion Above.



Kittle McMahon, Late of Millbrook.

Death called for our sister, Kittle McMahon, on May 20th, and relieving her from pain and sorrows, led her to the land of eternal light and peace. Although our hearts are sad, our hopes are bright to meet her again on the golden shore.

"Jesus help me this day," were her last words, uttered as a prayer. May God keep us faithful, like her, unto death.—Capt. M. Lott.

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—Wordsworth.

He who seeks to pluck the stars Will lose the jewels at his feet.—Phoebe Cary.

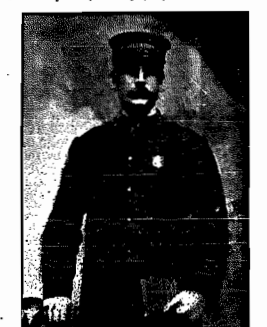
They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Chaucer.



A ROSSLAND PROSPECTOR HAS STRUCK IT RICH.

Brother McKinnon in Luck—He Throws the Claim Open to All

I am a prospector. I have made many locations since I came to the Rossland district, and I have been disappointed in them all, except one, and that is the claim I want to tell you about now. A little over a year and a half ago, I struck good indications on the corner of Columbia Avenue and Spokane St. at an open-air. I followed the lead up to the Army Hall, where, on my knees at the penitent form, I located a claim in heaven. I know that my title to the claim is all right, for the recording angel recorded it in the Lamb's Book of Life, free of charge. I want to describe this claim. The foot wall is faith; the hanging wall is the boundless love of God. It assuys high in joy, peace, and hap-



Bro. McKinnon, Rossland.

piness. This claim of mine stands development wide. The more I do of it the better results I obtain. I have no intention whatever of letting this claim go by default. I am doing my assessment work every day of my life. I know it will pay a big dividend by-and-by, when I shall cross the last great divide and receive my crown grant from the hands of my Saviour. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is room on this ledge for all; you can all come and take a claim right now. The notice on your initial No. 1 post must read, "Repentance and sorrow for sin." Your discovery post is at the foot of the Cross; on it are inscribed in bright and shining letters those beautiful words, "Forgiveness and pardon, full and free." Your No. 2 post will be the countless ages of eternity, and there were more people good and faithful servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord.—J. D. McKinnon.

A Tremendous Sensation.

MISSOULA.—We had a grand and glorious time on last Monday night at our International Meeting. The following were represented: Americans, English, Irish, Swedes, Canadians, Germans, Danes, Italians, Chinese, Negroes, and North American Indians, all dressed in the costumes of their several countries. It was a grand sight as we marched through the streets. Immense crowds of people were gazing upon the different nationalities. There were more people on Higgins Avenue than has been seen since last 4th of July. It is the general talk of the town, and there were many remarks made as to what the S. A. is doing all over the world. We believe it will be many a day before the open-air will be forgotten. And we are praying that great good may come. Collectors of the lost report one backslider into the fold. Glory to His Name—J. H. Frost, R. C.

A Good Shepherd:

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER VI.

I must now pass on to the end of July, when the lambs for the shows are picked out. I may call our farm an "Army" farm, because we have sheep all over England to the agricultural shows, in order that the great noblemen may see the quality of sheep that we keep; and there are two men chosen for the express purpose of taking charge of those sheep, and one of these is called the head shepherd. I am a head shepherd, and at the end of July the master comes and examines all my flock, and the next day I know I have that are fit, or that are good enough to be shut up and fed for the shows, as, at the first draft, he wants about 25. They must be good for the show, and the next day they must be shepherded well before this time, for very often the best lambs of the flock get struck with maggots, and if so, they are spoiled, because their coats are ruined. Now, if this were the case with my sheep, the master would scold and say, "I examined these sheep a short time ago, and found there were as many as I wanted of the best quality, but since I saw them you have neglected your duty, and allowed these lambs to get eaten with maggots, and for neglecting to do your duty I shall discharge you."

This may be the case at the first draft, but if the first lot does very well, in a fortnight he comes out again for a score more of another class. This is the second draft; but this is not all, for in a month he comes out again for a score more of another class, and then in another month another big draft is wanted.

Now, we might call every Army station a farm, and you the head farmer, and as you go from station to station to examine your sheep, or, in other words, your soldiers, you might see at one station twenty brothers fit for the Training Home, and at another station twenty sisters fit for the Training Home, and at another, fifteen married soldiers fit for the Training Home. And after you had chosen as many as you wanted, you would give an inventory for their reception, and when you had made everything ready for them, you would send for them. But when you got them, you would not expect to find as good a result as you would expect back into the world, or, in other words, had got maggots-eaten, and spoiled for the work they were intended for. You would feel, if this were so, that the Captain had neglected their duty in shepherding their sheep.

There is a very great responsibility resting upon the shepherd of a large flock of sheep, and there is a very great responsibility resting upon the Captain of a large station, or upon the minister of a large church, for you know as well as I do that the devil is determined to drag as many precious souls down to hell as ever he can, and God's children must be as determined to drag as many out of his grasp as ever they can, and in order to do so they must be at it early and late.

I have told you the result of my labors. My master expects that there shall be seventy-five sheep and lambs fit for the shows every year, and those that are not fit for this must be fit for the butcher, after the stock is picked out, so that, if possible, not one must be lost. In order to keep my sheep up to this standard, my rule is, to be, in the first place, very careful in counting every one of my lots as they come in, there are about eight or nine to be seen to every morning, all through the year. As soon as I get into the field where the sheep are, I stand and look as far as I can around the field to see if I can see any thing in the hedge, or else overcast, that is, that very often a sheep will get rolling, and sometimes it will get on its back in a new place, and then it cannot get on its feet again, unless someone goes to it and turns it up; and if it is not seen to soon, it dies, and if one dies in this way it is put down against the shepherd. Then, after counting my flock around the field, I go to the sheep and

very carefully count them, to see if there are any missing, and if I find one, or more, missing, I go and seek for them at once, as by the next morning they might be dead.

Dear Sir, there is a beautiful passage of Scripture which saith, a shepherd "having an hundred sheep, if he lose one, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go after that which is lost until he find it?" Now that is just what I have done during the last fifteen years and eight months with my natural sheep, but the dear Lord wants every shepherd of the human flock to do the same. That is, for instance, if captain of the Salvation Army has got a hundred members in his or her corps, and if one of those members falls back into the world, he or she should go after that one until it is found.

They should say to the others, "Such an one is gone back into the world, and we must go after him, and bring him back by force if he will not come without; that is, if he will not go with God for that one soul till He has restored it." When God sees that the human shepherd is in earnest to take every one with him, He will not only bring the prodigal sheep back into the fold again, but will bring hundreds of fresh ones in, and will provide more shepherds to help to take care of them, and more places to meet in, as He knows where the sheep are, and it is only for him just to touch the heart, and the money is given.

As the shepherd has to be out in all sorts of weather, it is a common thing for him to get cold, and he gets rheumatism through catching cold from wearing his wet clothes, and sometimes it throws him into consumption and brings him to an early grave.

If men will endure this for the natural flock, what should not men endure for the human flock?

Supposing I were going to leave the flock that I am now shepherding to go to another place and take another flock of sheep, I should leave my present place on the Saturday night and commence at my new one on the Sunday morning, and I should require the master or one of the men who knew where all the sheep were, to give me the correct number in each field. When I had received all the required instructions, the flock of sheep would be placed in my hands, and I should be held responsible for every one that died through any neglect on my part.

Dear sir, we will call a captain a shepherd, and we will say you are going to remove him from one station to another. Perhaps he will arrive in the evening and go to the hall, and meet his new flock and hear their testimonies, and by their testimonies he can form an idea of what sort of a corps it is. What comes next? The roll-book should be carefully examined, as the names that are written in it are counted as sheep committed to his charge, and the next thing for him to find out is, whether those human sheep are free from maggots, or foot-rot, as this would be the first thing that I should look after with regard to the flock I am just taking care of. As I was being shown round the first time, my eye would be upon every sheep as keen as possible, and I should want to see every sheep walk, in order to know how many times ones there were among them; and all others that required immediate attention I should at once see after, and then leave them till Monday morning. At six o'clock I should be expected by my master to be at my post, and I should at home until about ten or eleven o'clock, the farmer would say, "Where have you been all the first part of the day? Where you have been, you can go again, I don't want such men as you upon my farm." And so I should be thrown out of work altogether, and it would serve me right, too.

And this is how the false shepherds of the human flock deserve also to be treated.

(To be continued.)

Snap-Shots from Bermuda

During the winter months in Bermuda we can scarcely turn except we come in contact with a tourist and the inevitable camera. The tourist came to the mind of the writer. Why not give the War Cry the benefit of some snap shots of a different character than taken with God's camera—our mind and eyes?

No. 1.

Open the slide. Look out for a good light, this will make a good picture. A country road. Old friends nodding their pink-covered heads in the sun. Take a view. S. A. officers going riding in the country. A lady in view with the S. A. badge on his coat, walking leisurely along with his eyes fixed upon a book in his hand. Who is it? What is he reading? A bandman of the S. A. Good music. Study his musical catechism; works all day for the tailor shop, goes to the hall to light up immediately after tea, stays till the end of the prayer meeting, then to study his music except when walking to and from dinner. Click! Close the slide. Good negative.

No. 2.

Open again. Poor light, rather doubtful. Tea time. S. A. officers. Tap at the door. Lieutenant goes to darkness outside; calls the Captain. A small voice from the darkness, "Captain, I sweated today." Who is it? Bring him in. Oh, it is one of the Juniors who came out on Sunday. Click! Close slide. Pass it on.

No. 3.

Open again. Bright light; morning. Good time for photographing. Look through a sort of level in Bond Lane. S. A. officer riding on a bicycle in haste to catch the boat for Hamilton. Away off in the distance a red cat is visible. Making more instantly you see the tail of a bulldog. Who is it? What does it mean? A member of the Naval and Military League on duty; not able to be at the meeting the night before, and is trying to go. "All right," says the Captain. Click! Negative all right.

No. 4.

Open the fourth time. I think we can get a picture, despite the fact sunlight. Midnight. S. A. officer writing at her desk. Knock at the door. Who can be there this hour of the night? Opens door. Standing on the doorstep in the moonlight is a person drunken from so young as to drink. "Captain, I want you to pray with me." "Will you come in?" No; he kneels down here." The Captain calls the other officer and together they kneel down, and pray. The God answer that prayer? Yes! He had gone home, washed his father and mother and tells them he is saved. Click! Another good picture, please for the angels in heaven to look upon.

The Silent Battles.

Sages and history, a wondrous story Have you revealed, through all the ages down, Of strife and peace, of battles and of cross, Of glory, Of sorrow.

Brave men have risen to heed the call of duty, True souls have grappled with the And through their wars have come, in martial beauty, Unspoiled and strong.

But in your tomes I find nowhere recorded, Nowhere outlived with its honors due, One tale of valor, tested and reward-ed.

One tale that's true.

It is the unconfessed, unuttered story, Repeated in each life from sun to sun.

Of man's long, silent struggle, and God's glory, When Right has won.

In all the record of the past, oh never Is God's right hand more manifest and strong,

Than when, by prayerful, earnest, firm endeavor, Man musters Wrong.

Frank W. Eust.



Got Hit in the Poetry Region.

RICHMOND ST.—

No. 1 has begun
Desperate fight in God's night;
Sinners shining are beginning
To delight in doing right.

One night 4, another 2 more,
Sanctification and salvation;
Juniors, I began to come,
Sunday 5; so we thrive.

Many more feeling sore;
Yes, we're in to win
God's own power He does shower,
Praying, believing and receiving.
—Cadet N. R. Trickey.

GRAVENHURST.—Amen! We are having grand times up here now. Wednesday night five recruits were enrolled under the good old Army Flag. Saturday night Ensign Burrows gave a magic lantern service, entitled, "Little Alice," which took well. Ensign Parker was with us. Altogether, we had a good time. God came very near and blessed us and gave us three souls.
—F. T., R. C.

HAMPTON, N. B.—We are glad to say that God is pouring out His Spirit here. We can report four good cases of conversion. We got good converts; everyone seems interested, and best of all God is with us.—Ensign Ghouly.

Drunkard's Home Demonstration.

HALIFAX, I.—On Queen's Birthday, "Drunkard's home" and ice cream social at night, which was quite a success. The different scenes were: Drunken Joe's home, with all its misery, want and squalor; the bar-room, and the Salvation Army open-air service in front of the bar-room, and Drunken Joe and Humpty Jim as listeners and spectators, and the final conversion of Drunken Joe, making quite a vivid picture of the drink traffic and its disastrous effects, and showing to some extent how the S. A. is the means of the drunkard being rescued. On Friday night, two souls for cleansing. Hallelujah!—Treasurer Caslin.

BEAR RIVER.—We are marching on, waving the Flag of Calvary. Our comrades are learning to fight, and getting nearer to the heart of Jesus. We are having splendid times here in Bear River. On Saturday our worthy Mutant received his Captain's Commission from the Regadier, and also the promise of a Lieutenant to help in the war. Amen! There is much to do for Jesus. His life is short, so we must to double up. Eternity will be long enough to rest in, so while we have breath in our bodies, we shall fight for God. We now have nine here here, your hearts may have been one of the number.—Ned.

Alderman Sawyers Enrolled.

PETERBORO.—Sunday was a grand day. At night there were six enrolled as soldiers of this great Salvation Army, one was Alderman Mr. John Sawyers. God bless him. When he gets a red guernsey on he will look grand. Another was an old man who has been saved fourteen years, and has attended the Army ever since. He said it took him that number of years to make up his mind. We pray God to keep them all true and faithful. Two souls in the Fountain.—Cadet May Lang.

PAIRIE.—We have just said good-bye to Capt. and Mrs. Coy, who have fought here faithfully for the past few months. Capt. and Mrs. Coy have taken their place. These too, we believe, are bent on victory. Saturday night, splendid open-air, big crowd. Sunday Adjt. Miller led at camp. Mrs. Miller also is very much a warrior and not afraid of work. We have a warm spot in our hearts for them, and pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them.—W. M., Reg. Cor.

WINDSOB, N. S.—God is blessing us still, everything looks bright. We had the G. R. M. Agent, Ensign Andrews, for week-end. On Saturday Ensign gave his lantern service. Capt. Bond was also with us for week-end. Our officers, Capt. Green and Miller and Lieut. Payne, have farrowed for other parts of the field.—Treasurer McPhee.

Celebrated Queen's Birthday.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Capt. L. Smith and Lieut. A. Kirk are still leading on, and are having victory. On the 24th we had a picnic to keep the comrades together. Quite a number of outsiders came for tea and helped to make it financially a success. On Friday, officers and soldiers—45 in number—from Bear River, with us. Barracks well filled, especially the platform. Meeting good, but none saved. On Sunday three came out for salvation.—M. R., R. C.

Quite a Preacher.

BARRE, VT.—We are pressing on in the warfare. One prodigal returned to his Father's house. Sunday was a good day. At night Ensign Ward preached a stirring sermon to a full house, from these words, "What will the say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. xiii, part of 21st verse) which went right home to the hearts of all present, and started a good many thinking about their souls. At the close of the meeting four raised their hands for prayers. Ensign is a good preacher. To use an Old Country expression, "She's a rouser."—Zaccheus.

MONTREAL, II.—Major Hargrave with us all day Sunday. We had a real blessed time. God came and blessed us. Although none would yield, yet we believe the work was helped along in some souls. We are believing for a harvest of souls.—W. G., R. C.

Ensign Ottaway is home resting for a few weeks. We are sending two more missionaries shortly to the Ladak's College. Capt. Palling is home on furlough. She needs the prayers of her comrades.—Honest Abe, S. C.

OXFORD.—Still having victory in this place. We had Adjt. Wiggins with us Wednesday night, when two souls sought and found salvation. Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Wadge farrowed on Sunday night with one more at the Cross. Their stay in Oxford has been a time of victory all round.—M. L., R. C.

A Scotch Cadet Arrived

CHARLOTTETOWN.—This morning (May 24th) at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Miller presented the Ensign with her brand new boy Cadet—a Scotchman, of course. Both are doing finely. In the matrimonial line we have been tendering with Wednesday night, when two souls sought and found salvation. Bro. Jost, who was married on the 17th inst., to Mrs. Mills, of Newport, R. I., and formerly of this city. Evangelist Whitson was with us last Sabbath afternoon. He was converted in the S. A. and gives God the glory. Sec. M. F. Ellis and sisters are boarding this summer. Bro. Fyfe, Bro. Johnson, Chappell and Sister Jenn Caldie have been travelling lately and Ensign says Miller's health has been quite poor also. The band, with the recent addition of Bro. Nat. Ward, has been giving a good account of itself.—H.

How They Said Good-Bye.

YORKVILLE.—Sunday, May 21st, was our officers' last Sunday with us. We had nice meetings all day, and a good crowd at night. After Captain and Mrs. Jones had sung a duet, the Captain announced that Mrs. Jones would have a few words of farewell. She had a nice, earnest talk, but was so much in earnest she forgot to say anything about farrowing. Wednesday evening the soldiers gave the officers a farewell tea, and the sandwiches, cake and ice cream went well. After tea we had a soldiers' meeting, which was a profitable, though not very pleasant, one—as we all felt "bim." The officers presented each other with a nice book, and even Sergeant with a nice book, and even soldier with a book, which we think was very kind of them indeed. They have done a lot of good, spiritually, while here. We feel our loss will be the other corps' gain. They have paid everything up and leave left a good balance on hand for the new officers. Of course we don't intend to stay "bim." We expect to see Capt. and Mrs. Jones again. In the meantime we are going to help the new officers and push on the work here at Yorkville.—A. G. H.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—Since last report we have had a visit from our new D. O., Ensign Green, and Sergt. Major Thorne. On Sunday night, the new officers and blessed our souls. How often we who have been converted about six months, has come out as a Blood-and-Fire soldier, and was enrolled the other night. On Sunday night, the new soldier left the devil behind him. Our officer, Ensign Gamble, is plodding along a little again.—Mrs. Paul, H. C.

CLATHAM.—Just arrived in Clatham: received a warm welcome from the soldiers and friends. A good week-end. Open-air, evening and Sunday, splendid, and three souls. Everybody very kind. Our faith is high for a good fight in Clatham and all the District. Capt. Burrows has been sent to assist Mr. Adjt. and Mrs. Connors.

YAKMOTH, N. S.—Thursday night the newly-converted string band was at the front, led off by Capt. Percy and his violin. Sunday, good crowds all day. At night, before the meeting closed, five were at the Mercy Seat seeking pardon. Monday night two more proved the power of God to save from sin.—A. E. H.



SUDBURY CORPS.

Ensign Taylor, Captain Sherwin and Lieut. Bond in centre.

Sudbury Corps.

The Salvation Army opened fire in Sudbury on April 6th, 1895, the first officers being Ensign Gibbs (now Mrs. Adjt. McElmough), Capt. May and Lieut. Wicks. Their stay here was about twelve months, in which time many souls were converted to God and a good corps established. The next officers were Ensign Taylor and Captain Lott, who won many friends and left a solid corps. They were followed by the renowned Adjt. Cameron, who, although he was alone, was always bright and happy. His stay was only about three months. Adjt. Scarer was the next to take hold of the reins. He was ably assisted by Lieut. Matthews. Both fought a good fight and won many victories. Our present officers are Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond, who arrived here Oct. 29th '98, the Captain being no stranger, as she

was here once some four years ago with the Woman's Warriors' Band.

Copper Cliff, our outpost, has been a successful outpost; a good work has been done, and souls have been saved. They are a lovely lot of people at the outpost, they sing well and know how to treat the collection plate.

Then we must not forget our Stoble fellows, who stand by the Army in every sense of the word.

Sudbury has, during the last few months, had to pass through many difficulties, amongst them the sad death of our dear comrade, Bro. Davis, and the burning of our barracks, by which everything was lost. We thank God, however, for the people are showing their sympathy by generous donations.

May 4th, we have a good thing. Sunday, April 29th, J. S. S. M., Trickery farrowed for the Training Home, the writer, also a Candidate, taking his place as J. S. S. M.—Our Junior work is a promising condition. May God richly bless Sudbury corps.—A. Porter, J. S. S. M.

Sending Out Missionaries.

BARRE.—I wish to say we are all armed for the summer campaign. We celebrated the Queen's Birthday by giving the children a tea. What a happy time we did have! Uncle John bought peanuts and treated all hands. At evening the children rendered a beautiful program of dialogues, recitations, solos, bar-bells, etc., etc. A nice attendance was present to witness the exercises of the evening. We purpose having a repetition of the same. Capt. Barker and Dr. Derrach, on their way to Fenelon Falls, assisted us in the meeting with their presence.

Saved Indians on the War-Path.

LINDSAY.—Things are moving along here in the right direction. We have had the saved Indians with us—Stephen LeBlond, John Wesley, and Humphrey Tom. Our comrades are good, obedient, good, and seven souls knelt at Jesus' feet.—S. Wiggins, Adjt.



How Capt. Jarvis Found Peace

I was born in London, Eng., brought up in the English Church. From the day of my confirmation I longed to be converted, and began to seek after God. It was a weary search, inconsistent, variable, often departed from, only to be renewed, and thank God, through His grace, never entirely given up. From time to time my way would be brightened with a ray of hope, yet, as a rule, passed away in the mists of doubt and temptation. I longed for peace and would have given all I loved best in this world, and would gladly exchange my lot with any who possessed that joy and peace in the Lord that I could not find. It was just 12 months later I received a letter from a friend, to whom I had written, asking me if I had taken God at His word. "Wasn't He call, His promise of acceptance, enough for me?" On how my heart thrilled. I saw it all. Surely I could trust Him! I went to my room, and asked God to save me this time, taking Him at His word that, "Him that cometh unto Me will in no wise cast out." Then at there, at 12.30 p. m., May 5th, 1881, I was born again. My heart was filled with peace, and I knew I was saved. For five years I went forward and taught in the Sunday school, and then, with a friend who was a Salvationist, went to an Army meeting where God impressed it upon me, that that was where He wanted me to work for Him. I could not understand it. I struggled and rebelled for months, but at last gave in, and at four years' soldiership, entered dear old Training Home at Clapton, Eng., from whence I entered the 11, and after several appointments in Eastern counties, was sent to Cam three years ago. I am well saved; I love my work, value my position, in spite of a weak body, doing a lot to win souls in the great S. Hallelujah!—R. Jarvis, Capt.

Was Called "A Young Dev."

Born in the year 1874, in the town of Heart's Content, Nfld., my father being a Welshman and my mother a Newfoundland, who loved and cared for me as only a mother could do.

About the time I was born (or shortly after) my father professed agnosticism. I was noted as a "young devil" because the desire for knowledge was into me. The devil had the control, cared not for God nor parents; I did fire-water, cursed, stole, robbed, lied, kept late hours, kept bad company, and committed all devilry. I sure I would have known the feel of the hangman's knot. God, in His loving kindness, on April 1st, 1891, as I sat in the Army barracks, spoke to me. I remember and say, "He goes! I'll try it!" I felt at the time, a half-damned soul. I saw my lost state, I cried to Him in tears, "Oh! I heard a voice say, 'Go in peace and sin no more.' Since that time I've been going on. I was heaven to me. To-day I have the honor to be a Captain in this glorious war.—Capt. R. Pugh.

How Ensign Penny Met the Saviour.

About fourteen years ago the advent of the S. A. to our town made quite a stir. People of all classes, rich and poor, went to attend one of these meetings. The writer being a "good" Methodist, declared in a very determined tone of voice that there was no need of the Army in the town of C—, and on being asked to attend one of these meetings, most emphatically declined. At last curiosity got the better of my prejudiced feelings, and I ventured to hear these strange folks, and I must say, after attending one of their meetings, I came away with a different feeling to what I had previously. For in that meeting I became convinced that these people had a power I was ignorant of, which I secretly wished to become a recipient of. As

I continued these meetings I became more and more miserable until my burden became unbearable, and I made up my mind to extricate myself from the sin that held me, and a few nights after found me seeking and finding pardon at an open-air meeting. Realizing that I had been saved to save others, I threw myself right into the fight, and after fifteen months of soldiership, I obeyed the call and fared well for the field. Appointments followed, such as Little Bay, Grand Bank, Bonaville, Bay Roberts, Hants Harbor, and a lot of others in Newfoundland. Next comes Canada, where I have been fighting for nearly six years, and where I am now filling my thirteenth appointment. All glory to God for the hundreds I have seen saved, a number of whom are officers to-day. I love the Army better than ever, and I am a Salvationist for earth and heaven.—Yours to save, L. Penny, Ensign.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

FrAGRANT FRAGMENTS.

By ANONYMOUS.

I.—Growth.

Did you ever plant and watch a Chinese lily grow and bloom? This winter I held one in my hand; it was simply a dry, withered bulb, and one could see no promise of beauty in it, and yet that dry bulb, if properly treated, would grow and bring forth beautiful blossoms. We first laid it in water for some hours, and then placed it in a jar, with water and a few stones to keep it in place, set it aside, away from the light for a few days, that the roots might get a good start. After bringing it to the light, we simply gave it water as needed, and it was truly wonderful how quickly it grew and was soon a mass of snowy and golden waxy blossoms, beautiful indeed to gaze upon. Left to itself, nothing but a dry bulb; brought into the proper environment, it grew.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God," etc., and that the contrast between that dry bulb and the flowering plant was no greater, nor as great, as will be the contrast between what we are now, and what we shall be when we shall see Him as He is and be like Him.

Unsaved reader, hidden within you lies the secret of an endless life. Brought into the right environment to Christ, who died to redress you, the Living Water, the True Light, your soul will grow and blossom for eternity. Apart from Him you remain dry, withered, a lost soul throughout eternity. But you may drink and live. "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

II.—Hindering Others.

"Them that were entering in, ye hindered."—Luke xli, 52.

"A vexation arises, and our expressions of impatience hinder others from taking it patiently. Disappointment, albeit, everlastingly depresses me; and our look or tone of depression hinders others from maintaining a cheerful and thankful spirit. We say an unkind thing, and another is hindered in learning the holy lesson of charity that thinketh no evil. How sadly, too, we may hinder without word or act! For wrong feeling is more infectious than wrong doing, especially the various phases of ill temper, gloominess, touchiness, discontent, irritability—we do not know how catching there are?"—F. L. Havergal.

III.—An Album Leaf.

Some time ago, while away from home, I met a lady from Halifax, who, seeing by my uniform or dress that I was a member of the Army, kindly spoke of the work of the S. A. and different officers she had come in contact with.

The following incident, which I will try and repeat as near as I remember in her own words, was very interesting and touching to me; so much so that I asked her to copy the lines written in her album so that I might not forget them. This is her story:

"Some years ago, before the S. A. came to Halifax, an English steamer, on her way to the U. S., stopped one morning for coal. She had on board Commissioner Kallton, then on his way to New York, and while waiting he thought he would take a walk up town. He got as far as the market, and then, seeing the crowd standing around, he took off his cap, and, standing there alone, in his plain blue suit, preached to the people, becoming so interested as to forget time, and when he finished and returned to the wharf, the steamer had sailed. It was different then from now—no other boat for a fortnight. During that time a hall was taken and meetings held. My father became well acquainted with the Commissioner and invited him to our home to meet a few friends. I was then but a young girl, and asked him to write in my autograph album. I know the words by heart, and they are so striking that almost everyone who looks at the book speaks of them."

She then repeated the following: "Are you saved? Whoever is saved knows it. Being justified by faith we have peace with God. Ask and receive that your joy may be full. When saved, spend your life in spending others. The life of a soul savior is the brightest, grandest, merriest life that can be lived on earth—the life of Jesus lived over again by Him in us. It is easier to live thus than any other way. It will cost you ALL to live there, and a good bargain at that." Such earnest words will surely bear fruit for eternity.

IV.—On the Promise or the Promised

I once attended a large open-air service, and as the choir of many voices was singing the hymn, "Standing on the promises," I noticed among the listeners, near the front, an old man who appeared much excited. As the singing went on he apparently could stand it no longer, and rising to his feet he shouted, "I've a message from the Lord for you, son. I see you're standing on the promises you're wrong. Christ is the solid rock, the only sure foundation."

At once there came to my mind that beautiful verse, "If ye will, ye can save, though each promise is true." Oh, yes, praise God! all the precious promises in Him are yes, and in amen, but in Him only. He, indeed, is the sure foundation, I Cor. iii, 11. Let us take heed.

WOMAN.

A woman in Paris, who had lived with a man for about thirty years, had been abandoned by him, and was left to hunger and death. She determined in her misery to end her life, and to buy with her last centimes some charcoal in order to smother herself with the gas. Accordingly she went to a man who sold coal to the slant officers, and who was a Salvationist. He wrapped the coal up in a copy of the French edition of the War Cry. After she got home she put the coal in the stove, as preparation for her ghastly deed. The paper was just going the same way, when some word in a heading attracted her attention. Instead of making a fire with it she began to read, and, as she read, a "ray" of hope seemed to gleam through the darkness. She went to the man who sold the coal and told him all about herself, and he was not slow to report her case to the slant officer.

To-day this woman lives a happy life, supporting herself with honest labor, and it is touching to hear her thankfulness to the Salvation Army and its blessed messenger, the War Cry.

True Love.

"Since blackened roots and shapeless, withered seeds,
By patient skill we bring to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
By sunshine and soft winds and passing showers;
Up to what beauty and what service leads
His love, when we are His and His alone?"

—Rev. Mark Guy Pearce.

Is it not true that we have no idea what God can do with the soil that is fully yielded to Him? Some people may read this who are to-day held back from active service or some special service or some special field of usefulness you long to enter. Remember the days of waiting were not lost days. Oh, no! The roots were striking down and growing strong, to nourish the coming blossoms. Let your waiting days be days of soul growth. Then, again, I thought of God's own word,

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

A Calm before the Storm

THE SHAKE-UP IS FAST APPROACHING.

Watch the East — Portentous Warning.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THINGS

Ah! I smell a rat! It is floating in the air! It steals across my frame! Its murmuring accents reach my ear! Do you know what it is? I'll tell you. The East is rising. Insurrection is rampant. I firmly expect to see a regular violent upheaval. I have been watching events for weeks, and hasten to inform my readers that the Eastern is the coming Province.

I know Major Southall will object, and say the West Ontario can't be beaten. I fully expect a defiant letter from Staff-Capt. Phillips. I am prepared to receive threats and immodesties from the London Staff, but I must still repeat that the Eastern Star will eclipse the Western Arab. I may be mistaken, but I have first to be convinced before I apologize.

Brigadier Gaskin, of the C. O. P., has of course to be reckoned with, and Major Hargrave, of the East Ontario Province, will have a word to say. Well, I repeat that the Eastern Province will head the list shortly. Let's all wait and see how things turn out.

Very sorry, Staff-Captain Phillips, but your London boomers arrived much too late to insert in last week's Cry. Sorry, indeed! So are you, eh?

Congratulations to Mrs. Adjutant Hughes on her able remarks before the crowd of officers at the London Councils on "How to boost the Cry." I hear it was a brave speech.

A Few Pointers.

QUESTION.—Why should War Cry be sold on Sundays?

ANSWER.—They are not sold for gain, but for the glory of God. The money does not go into any man's pockets, but into the treasury. Many hundreds of souls have been saved through reading the Cry.

QUESTION.—Is it not inviting temptation for sisters to visit saloons?

ANSWER.—I have yet to hear of any ill-treatment to which a War Cry seller has been subjected, even in the lowest saloons. God especially takes care of His own.

QUESTION.—Are War Crys sold in meetings to be counted when sending in list of sales?

ANSWER.—No. Boomers should only credit themselves with numbers sold outside of the bartricks.

QUESTION.—When can we expect that special Boomers' War Cry?

ANSWER.—Very shortly. The photos are now being etched.

To Major Pickering, the new P. O. of the Eastern Province, I send my best greetings, and would like to assure him that he will find the Eastern folks just as nice and smart as you like. And I should also like to suggest, Major, that we (the editors of the Editorial Department) are very easy to get along with, but a liberal supply of the "booming" spirit makes all the difference in the world. You'd be surprised, Major, really. If you want to find how amiable we are, cultivate that phase of our friendship.

Notes.

Capt. Hellman, Champion Boomer, 270!

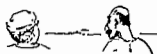
The Eastern Province has issued boomers' slips to each corps.

Capt. Hooker, of Kado, sold off some old Crys he had lying round. Anybody else got old Crys to sell?

A hint to the North-West Provincial Office.—Please make out the boomers' list according to number of sales, that is, in order of merit. Thanks.

Is it true that Barrie is getting up a War Cry Brigade?

Will all concerned let us have the boomers' lists by Thursday morning, at the latest?



Capt. Rees, Norwich	22
Sergt. Mrs. Wakelield, Forest	22
Mrs. McGulinn, Blenheim	21
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	20
Sister Mrs. Tremain, Galt	20
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	20
Corps Cadet Keeler, Windsor	20
Sister G. Cheesman, London	20
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	20
Sergt.-Major Dearling, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Tremain, Hespeler	20
Sergt.-Major Rose, Hespeler	20
Lieut. Jordison, Leamington	20
Capt. Liston, Forest	20
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	20
Lieut. Hart, Norwich	20
Capt. McDonald, Norwich	20
Sister Ellis, Blenheim	20
Capt. Bonny, Rothwell	20
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. 70 Hustlers.

CAPT. WILSON, Collingwood	128
Bro. Dixon, Temple	86
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton	80
Mrs. Penrose, Temple	78
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines	61
Bro. Case, Hamilton	60
Matthews, Bracebridge	51
	50

Lieut. Williams, Kempsville	70
Capt. O'Neil, Morrisburg	60
Sister Mrs. Barber, Kingston	60
Adjt. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	60
Sergt. Thomson, Belleville	60
Ensign Stanger, Belleville	60
Lieut. Norman, Gananoque	60
Capt. Greco, Gananoque	60
Capt. Banks, Quebec	60
Capt. Connors, Arnprior	60
Ensign Lill, Arnprior	60
Bro. Phillips, Barre	60
Lieut. Hines, Burlington	59
Capt. Norman, Napanee	59
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	57
Lieut. Woods, Napanee	52
Capt. Jones, Montreal	50
Capt. Dine, Kingston	50
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew	50
Capt. Barclay, Deseronto	50
Capt. Patten, Cootes Paradise	50
Capt. Brown, Perth	50
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	50
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal	50
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	50
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	50
Capt. Findlay, Bloomfield	48
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	44
Capt. Vance, Deseronto	42
J. S. S.-M. Thompson, Port Hope	41
Sister Brown, Montreal	40
Capt. Green, Tweed	40
Sister Spurgeon, Montreal	35
Sister Hines, Montreal	35
rs. Barnes, Montreal	35
pt. Grose, Brighton	35
pt. Sleeth, Prescott	35
nt. Hickman, Prescott	35
Sister Darling, Port Hope	35
Shaver, Montreal	32
nt. Birch, Sherbrooke	32
nt. Nyland, Odessa	31
nt. Chillingworth, Montreal	31
nt. Buck, Millbrook	30
nt. Vase, Millbrook	30
nt. McFarlane, Cobourg	30
S. M. Matlock, Cornwall	30
nt. Lalonde, St. Johnsbury	28
nt. Kivell, Morrisburg	27
Rutherford, Montreal	25
Capt. Burditt, Montreal	25
nt. McDonald, Ottawa	25
nt. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
nt. Stanforth, Cobourg	21
nt. S. Armour, Campbellford	24
nt. Mrs. Wentworth, Kingston	23
nt. Ludlow, Peterboro	23
nt. Vase, Belleville	23
nt. S. Scruton, Montreal	21
nt. Owen, Sunbury	20
Gleason, St. Johnsbury	20
Inquette, Trenton	20
Hershey, Barre	20
nt. Weir, Montreal	20
Hopson, Montreal	20
gn Veres, Montreal	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

68 Hustlers.

T. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	140
T. JACKSON, Halifax	130
ER WHITE, Houlton	125
GUILFOIL, St. John	115
GT-MAJOR VEINOT, Halifax	110
ER GRAHAM, Halifax	106
T. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
T. FLEMING, Somerset, Ber.	100
nt. Little Richards, St. Stephen	91
Kelly, St. Georges, Ber.	92
nt. Smith, Yarmouth	91
nt. McIntyre, Carleton	90
nt. Bradbury, New Glasgow	87
S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	80
nt. Lechans, Fredericton	80
nt. Ebary, Fredericton	80
nt. McKie, Hillsboro	80
nt. Duguid, Spruill	72
Lieut. Hebb, Pictou	67
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springhill	60

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

CAPT. FLENGH, Peterboro	201
LIEUT. BROOKETS, Ottawa	185
CAPT. WILSON, Newport	120
LIEUT. BUTCHER, Cornwall	118
SERG. DUDLEY, Ottawa	115
S.-M. PERKINS, Barre	110
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	107
LIEUT. ALMAK, Brockville	102
SERG. BLOSS, Pembroke	100
Lieut. Symonds, St. Albans	90
S.-M. Symonds, Kingston	90
Ensign Sims, Pictou	85
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	80
Lieut. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	80
Capt. Croze, Trenton	74



Caught by one who was waiting outside, Mr. Smith, of the Smith Manufacturing Company, dictating a letter to his shorthand.

Editor War Cry, Toronto,

Dear Sir,—
Please find enclosed P. O. O. for your paper's subscription to your valuable paper. I have found it very helpful when perplexed during business hours. Yours sincerely,
J. Smith.

Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	65
Capt. Perrenoud, Nainaho	52
Lieutenant Galt, Bozeman	48
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	48
Capt. Quant, Trail	47
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	46
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	45
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	41
Sister Mortimer, Dillon	40
Capt. Krell, Nainaho	38
Ensign Ziebarth, New Westminster	35
Sister Mortimer, Victoria, B.C.	35
Sister Wallender, Rossland	34
Lieut. Jones, Mt. Vernon	30
Sister Carter, Butte	30
Sister Berry, New Whatcom	30
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Lieut. Greavett, Sheridan	25
Lieut. Galt, Belt	23
Capt. Southall, Bozeman	22
Bro. Bestvater, Spokane	21
Capt. Thorkildsen, Spokane	20
Capt. Hooker, Kaslo	20
Lieut. Triff, Livingston	20
Sister White, Nainaho	20

Major and Mrs. Hargrave, with their two juniors, arrived O.K. Thursday night we received them with rousing volleys, and gave them a bright cheerful welcome of the Montreal kind.

Sunday, May 21st, the first Sunday of the new P. O. in Montreal, found them at the Temple. Good crowds, splendid interest; and altogether a beautiful day.

The Major conducted the open-air at Joe Bee's Converted, and at 11 a.m. the holiness meeting. The afternoon meeting was a glorious free-meeting, on the first part, while the balance of the time was occupied by Mrs. Hargrave in the dedication of Lucy Evelyn Maud Collier to God and the Salvation Army.

Night found the hall filled with a congregation who appreciated the fervent appeals, delivered with sincere earnestness, by Major and Mrs. Hargrave. Mrs. Hargrave sang several songs in a touching manner.

How Others See Us.

The Klondike and the S. A.

W. Charles Squier, of Santa Barbara, writes about the work of the Salvation Army at Dawson City, in the Santa Barbara Morning Press, as follows:

"There are thousands of men here who are out of work, and out of money. There are others who have provisions which they brought with them into the country, but they are trying idly, listlessly round, eating up their supplies, waiting for the river to open up, so that they can take the first boat out of the country in the spring. There are still others who have neither provisions nor shelter, and they are kept alive by their fortunate fellow-men. Some of them are destitute through simple misfortune, others—yes, many—through their inability to resist the temptation of gambling and drinking. Dawson, in 'man traps,' can hold her own and give many other 'hot towns' points, and then 'win out.'

12,000 Meals Grats.

"The Salvation Army has furnished 12,000 meals gratis, and has supplied an equal number of bunks for these unfortunate. It is a grand institution, being free from all favoritism of certain classes above others, and, in my opinion, the time will come when, by her strong organization, she will leave all other religious organizations far in the background. All over this mundane sphere the Salvation Army has spread its gentle hand. There is not a continent, there is not a country, there is not a city, a village, or a hamlet, no, there is not a spot on this earth where sin exists, where sorrow blights, where hunger and misery can be found, where kindness and charity can be practiced, where sweet words of charity can be whispered in hungry ears, where the Salvation Army is not found, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, tending the sick, strengthening the weak and wicked, and by generous deeds of kindness and brotherly love, spreading the sunshine of God's Gospel into the dark and dreary hearts of all mankind.

"Give All Thou Hast."

"We read in the Good Book of a certain man who claimed that he lived up to all the requirements of the law, from his youth up, and going to the Master he enquired what more he would have him to do. To this enquiry he received the following answer: 'Give all that thou hast unto the poor, and follow Me.'

"The devout, self-sacrificing men and women of the Salvation Army are certainly following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"Surely the good deeds and noble work of this religious band of Christian workers cannot, and will not, go unrewarded. The same hand that directed the ravens to feed Elijah, and caused quail and manna to fall as rain in the wilderness, for the assistance of the Israelites, will sustain and keep these gallant workers to the end.

"They do not ask or expect remuneration from the recipients of the good deeds they are doing far beyond the clouds for that reward, which is promised by the Holy One of Israel in these words: 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these, ye have also done it unto Me.'



Keep Kool!



Summer Tunics (Norfolk)

Made to order from our Standard Worsted Goods, for

\$6.75, \$7.25, \$7.50, \$7.75, and \$8.75.

Bicycle Pants

To match the above Tunics at

Special Rates.

Red Cashmere Jackets

\$3.50 and \$4.00.

Men's Summer Blouses

Special at \$2.25.

Women's Bicycle Caps

(With band) \$1.00.

Postage 10c. extra.

Write us for samples of cloth and measurement forms.

TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. Temple,

Toronto.

Some Montreal Pars.

As a Roaring Lion.

During the past few weeks we have had a variety of very interesting meetings. Some few cases of salvation have gladdened the hearts of our comrades, and the saying foretold to three of our number, who have gone into training for officership, has reminded us that life is full of changes, and the soldier should be ready to fill the vacancies made by those who have stepped further towards the front.

Brigadiers Bennett and Compila conducted a special musical farewell meeting on the Friday evening prior to embarking on the "Scotsman." After the meeting, the corps, headed by the brass band, escorted them to the wharf, where the final parting words were said.

It is absolutely immaterial to the devil whom he destroys, so long as he does destroy. That is his mission, the destruction of God's Kingdom. Every day of our lives we see how surely sin works his devilish designs, and yet how many of us play with the toy the devil has designed to be our ruin. We cannot say that we have not been warned, for we see ruined lives, ruined homes, and blasted reputations all around us, pointing with undoubted meaning to the curse which has ruined them. With all earnestness and power I ask you to shun even the appearance of evil, and cling to God. It will pay on earth and in heaven.

IMPORTANT I

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, &c.

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, &c.

MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent lawyer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Emerson, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

NO. 1 WEST PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	122
MRS. CAPT. WESTACOTT, Grand Forks	110
Lieut. Lloyd, Fort William	98
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	90
Ensign Denn, Calgary	68
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	68
Lieut. Woodsforth, Mossman (w. 2 wks)	67
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	65
Lieut. E. Anderson, Fargo	65
Cadet McLeod, Moose Jaw	54
Lieut. Forsberg, Grifton	54
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Portage la Prairie	54
Capt. Flaws, Emerson	53
Mrs. Capt. Habkirk, Port Arthur	51
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	50
Capt. Patterson, Brandon	45
Lieut. Emberson, Emerson	42
Capt. Hurst, Jamestown	40
Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	39
Lieut. Bunson, Neepawa	36
Sergt. Bergon, Grifton	36
Cadek A. Cook, Fargo	35
Frank Rogers, Regina	32
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	32
Lieut. N. Anderson, Oakes	31
Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Hillsboro	31
Lieut. Askin, Virden	30
Cand. Nuttall, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Stokes, Carberry	30
Cadet Cook, Fargo	28
Capt. O'Neil, Hillsboro	28
Capt. Brandner, Morden	28
Sergt. Coleman, Rat Portage	27
S. Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Sarah Craswell, Valley City	25
Capt. Malvyn, Valley City	25
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	25
Mrs. Yerry, Calgary	24
Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown	24
Mrs. Heath, Grand Forks	24
Capt. Cromarty, Oakes	20
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Myers, Alton	20
Lieut. F. Brown, Hannah	20
Capt. Campbell, Grifton	20
Sergt. Jackson, Hamarck	20
Cand. Kinns, Minnedosa	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

CAPT. HAAS, Rossland	180
LIEUT. LLOYD, Butte	188
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Kudo	140
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Lewiston	105
CAPT. NOBLE, Billings	80
Lieut. Langill, Helena	80
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	80
Lieut. Tincey, Anacosta	85
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	80
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	80
Capt. Gooding, Victoria, B.C.	80
Sister Lewis, Victoria, B.C.	80
Capt. Scott, Spokane	70
Capt. Meyers, Anacosta	70
Capt. Ziebarth, Kallispell	70



My Heart is Cleansed.

Tune.—From every stain made clean
(B.J. 81).

1 My heart by Thee is cleansed
From every stain of sin.
My time, my all, to Thee is given,
Give me Thy power within.
Thou swift to do Thy will:
My feet shall ever be,
To follow in the Calvary path
Until Thy face I see.

Thy love has won my heart,
That love so rich and free;
Now help me, Lord, to do my part,
And do it all for Thee.
Thy power to me is given
To follow in the way,
And tell poor sinners Jesus lives
To help and cleanse to-day.

Thou dost accept, I know,
The service freely given;
Fill me with holy joy and peace,
A foretaste here of heaven.
Thou those around shall see
That Thou in me dost live;
And, seeing this, they, too, shall say,
"My life to Christ I give."
B. Cooper, Bedford.

My Glad Response.

Tune.—To me, dear Saviour (B.J. 131,
M.S. IV, 48).

2 To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
Speak out Thy utmost will;
What Thy great love doth bid me
do
I surely can fulfill.

Chorus.

There is not in my heart left one treas-
ure, dear Lord,
That I would not yield gladly to
Thee;
Only let, in Thy mercy, Thy pleadings
be heard,
They shall gladly be answered by
me.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
Thy gracious pardon show,
That not one sin I've ever sinned
May unforgiven go.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
The flood-gates open wide,
That even I may stoop and wash
Within the Crimson Tide.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
To me, the least of all,
With all my consciousness of guilt,
Thou hast for me a call.

What a Saviour!

Tunes.—Oh, what a Christ (B.J. 75, 4);
Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 91, 7);
Now He sets me free (B.J. 18, 3);
Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 72, 3); Now I
can read (B.J. 78); Never run away
(B.J. 76, 7; B.B. 29).

3 I've found the Pearl of greatest
price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, Whose leaves do
heal,
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Bread, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Blessed Sunshine!

Tune.—Sunshine in my soul (B.J. 223,
M.S. VI, 104).

4 The night has gone, the day has
come—
There is sunlight in my soul;
My tears have fled, my heart's be-
gun—
There is sunlight in my soul.

Chorus.
Welcome home again!
Welcome home again!
By thy loving Father,
Welcome home again! (Repeat)

O'er the past lamenting,
Now thy heart relenting,
Of thy ways repenting,
Welcome home again!
Now thy steps retreating,
This grand chance embracing,
Faith all darkness chasing,
Welcome home again!

All to Jesus bringing,
Joy-bells now are ringing,
Glad hearts now are singing,
Welcome home again!
Never to cease praying,
No more Christ-betraying,
Love all action swaying,
Welcome home again!

The Field Commissioner, MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH Will Visit ST. JOHN, N. B.

And conduct the following
Meetings:

MONDAY, JUNE 19th.—Soldiers' Meeting.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20th.—Installation of Major and
Mrs. Pickering, the new Provincial Officers,
at the Mechanics' Institute.

Chorus.

There is sunlight, blessed sunlight,
While the peaceful, happy moments
roll;
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunlight in my soul.

My tears the Lord has wiped away—
There is sunlight in my soul;
I find Him near whenever I pray—
There is sunlight in my soul.

My heart was once a wretched place—
There is sunlight in my soul;
But wonders have been wrought by
grace—
There is sunlight in my soul.

I feel I must break forth in song—
There is sunlight in my soul;
God's praises shall engrave my
tongue—
There is sunlight in my soul.

A Backslider's Welcome.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

5 From thy Home and Father
Thou hast strayed, backslider.
Turned thy back on Jesus,
And thy Saviour slain.
Though thy sins are crimson,
All may be forgiven,
Start again for heaven,
Welcome home again!

Hopeless Without God.

Tunes.—Oh, no, nothing do I bring
(B.J. 83, M.S. II, 35).

6 Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save
me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Chorus.

No! no! nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Dark, indeed, the past has been,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Yet in mercy take me in,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

All that I can do is vain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
I can ne'er remove a stain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
From my guilt, oh, set me free!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended and, so far as possible, and wronged women and children, or any one in distress. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 14 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray its expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to be regularly through "the column" and to add the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second insertion.)

GILBERT STOCK. 30 years of age, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, sallow complexion. Carpenter and joiner by trade. Not heard of since 1893. Last known address No. 6 Desrivieres St., Montreal, and also Postulant Home and Refuge, Mount. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN. Age 5 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, brown eyes. Been missing for a number of years. Last known address Goodridge Road, Lincoln Street, Regersville, Canada West. Was a farmer. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DAVID and WILLIAM CRABTREE. Ages 68 and 70 years. Last known address, Hebdon Bridge, Halifax. Friends would like to know their whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MR. IRISH. Age 40, height 6 ft. brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Is a waiter. Last known address Richelieu, Quebec. Sister enquires Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GEORGE DONNINGTON. Age 42 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes, oval face, medium build, fresh complexion, scar on the back of left hand. Last known address Port Dalhousie. May have gone to the Klondike. Sister enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. JOHN, or ROBERT YOUNG. Born of Scotch parents in the States. Family returned to Scotland, afterwards the above parties returned to the States. When last heard of was in Adams, Mass. 17 years of age. Also.

SAM PARISH. Age about 30 years. Used to live in Haddon Lane, Halifax, England. Holtermaker by trade. Mrs. McLean enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY. Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. Horn, 8 A. Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.